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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1896.

ARCTIC ADVERTISING.

LIEUTENANT PEARY having announced that he is actively preparing for another Arctic expedition, an expectant public will gratefully anticipate his return—say within a year or eighteen months hence—with the customary outfit of "snapshot" photos, and the usual circumstantial, and somewhat lengthy, account of his very latest failure to accomplish anything of consequence or value in the line of Arctic exploration. No doubt his next "story" will be good for at least a page, in several successive Sunday issues of the New York Sun.

It is truly amazing, the amount of advertising some people can so readily obtain out of their failures! And it is still more curious that, in such cases, the usual order of things should be violently reversed—the advertiser, instead of having to pay for self-sought notoriety, being remunerated at double or treble "space rates" for his "copy." Nor can the explanation be sought in the fact of the advertiser being accustomed to the Arctic regions; there are others whose field of abortive effort lies in tropic latitudes, and who, notwithstanding, successfully maintain quite as cool a front. The credulity and forbearance of the public are unbounded even by the poles.

FOOLING WITH THE BRITISH LION.

IF it be true that "whom the gods love they first make mad" then Spain is among their best beloved, for she must be "mad" to tempt fate after the following fashion. The British steamer "Balgownie," from South Shields, was discharging cargo at the Bay of Porma, and, in accordance with Spanish custom, a soldier was placed aboard her, nominally to prevent smuggling. This particular soldier was inordinately officious, and when on Sunday, May 31, the "Balgownie's" boatswain and carpenter returned in the evening pretty full of the wine of the country, and the soldier gesticulated offensive doubts as to their sobriety, the Britishers felt called upon to remonstrate, and the boatswain and carpenter knocked the soldier down and afterward he was put in a boat and rowed ashore. There he at once aroused the garrison of infantry, which boarded the "Balgownie" and arrested the actual offenders and two other seamen, who undoubtedly were asleep below when the row was going on. The four were heavily chained and thrown into a filthy dungeon, where they were spat upon and reviled.

At midnight, it is stated, they were tied together and dragged through the town to a prison in the outskirts. An hour later a posse of officers and soldiers entered the prison. All brutally attacked the helpless prisoners and with whips flogged them ferociously for full half an hour. Then the seamen were unchained and left to nurse their injuries in a foul, unventilated cell until the following evening, when by the efforts of their captain and a judicious invocation of the British

Lion they were put on trial. The two admittedly innocent men were released forthwith, and the boatswain and carpenter were liberated upon the payment of a fine of less than three dollars each, which was a tacit admission of the trifling character of the offense. The British Foreign Office is now endeavoring to convince the Spanish Government that it is the custom of civilized communities, outside of Spain and Cuba at any rate, to try prisoners before punishing them, and there is little doubt that the worthy boatswain and carpenter of the "Balgownie" will receive a golden salve for their wounds.

STATE REVOLUTIONARY RECORDS WITHHELD.

WHAT may appear churlish, if not unpatriotic, on the part of the New York State Board of Regents is just now coming to the surface. It appears that some time ago a request was made by Lieutenant-Colonel Ainsworth on behalf of the War Department, through Governor Morton to the Board of Regents, for the loan of the Revolutionary muster rolls of New York State in connection with the collection of Revolutionary data now being made by Colonel Ainsworth for the National Government, and it was not expected that the Board of Regents would offer any objection. But the resolution to grant the required loan was voted down at a recent meeting of the Board on the ground that it would establish a disagreeable precedent, as States and colleges throughout the country engaged in the compilation of Revolutionary history would follow with requests for the loan of the records. The Board, however, expressed its willingness to permit the copying of the records at Albany, but as Colonel Ainsworth has not a staff of copyists at his command nor an appropriation to cover the expense, the permission will be valueless. This is a matter to be regretted, as the other twelve of the thirteen original States have furnished the required data which is now almost ready for the printer. New York State has been the theater of a large proportion of the stirring events of Revolutionary times, and it will be too bad if the compilation of the records of the "times which tried men's souls" will be allowed to be published without her Revolutionary muster rolls being included.

JURY LIABILITY OF NON-RESIDENTS.

THE question of the liability of a citizen of another State doing business in this State for jury duty was passed upon recently in the Supreme Court in the matter of Thornton Floyd Turner, an architect who lives at Englewood, N. J., and does business in this city. Mr. Turner applied for a mandamus to compel the Commissioner of Jurors to strike his name from the jury panel on the ground that he is a resident of and a voter in New Jersey. Judge Beckman denied the application and sustained the action of the Commissioner of Jurors in retaining Mr. Turner on the jury panel under Section 1080 of the Penal Code as follows: "A person dwelling or lodging in the city and county of New York, for the greater part of the time, between the first day of October and the fifteenth day of June next thereafter, is a resident of that city and county for that jury year, and it is not necessary that he should have been assessed or should have voted there." The Judge further stated: "There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States which prohibits a State from treating those who are within its borders, although legally domiciled elsewhere, in the same manner as its own citizens."

KNEW A THING WHEN HE SAW IT.

ONE of the humors of journalism which occasionally relieve the monotony of the stereotyped news column was discernible last week in the published account of a curious case of burglary reported to the police of New York City. A Dr. Renier, an Italian Catholic clergyman who described himself as having once been private secretary to the late Pope Pius IX., had his apartments broken into and a valuable manuscript, upon which he had worked assiduously for years, was stolen therefrom. The manuscript was valued at eight thousand dollars. The detectives requested the reverend gentleman to prepare a summary, in English, of the contents of the manuscript. This being done, the following highly interesting synopsis appeared in evidence:

"The Open Vatican: Secret Revelations of the Policy and Diplomacy of the Vatican from 1846 to 1881. It opens the veil, showing how pernicious the Vatican's policy is to the development of the civility. In the middle of our century, everlasting in history, is remarked that epoch in which the yoke of tyranny was shaken and there came to the throne our gentleman King, Victor Emmanuel, who, in 1870, was in full possession. The Government of Italy, legally constituted and judicially recognized by the Powers of Europe, studied every tortuous way to obtain peace and harmony between the State and the Church, but the Vatican always kept itself ambiguous when not the open enemy of Italy. We now expose the work done from 1846 to 1890, so that a verdict shall be arrived at upon the standing in the controversy of the Vatican and of the Government of our illustrious statesmen. These are nearly all dead now, but one is left who intends, to the luster of the Italian fatherland, to expose

all that which was never found out—the very last page in the history of Italy and the Vatican."

The humor of the situation is to be found in the action of the reporter who learned the story at Police Headquarters. He interviewed the reverend secretary of the Archbishop of New York, to request his opinion upon the character of the mysterious missing manuscript, and solemnly wound up his published report of the case in these words: "Father Connolly read the summary of the lost manuscript, and said, after reading it, that he should judge the original was an attack upon the Vatican."

The average reporter is a ubiquitous, and frequently a sagacious, personage, but after this eager request for an explanation had been satisfied by the reverend gentleman who was asked for it, the latter must have smiled grimly as he saw his visitor descend the steps. Possibly, too, he murmured to himself: "A door is not a door only when it's ajar."

NO TRUST.

IT is a commendable trait, that of being equal to the courage of one's convictions. A singular illustration is repeated from Vienna recently when the party most inconvenienced by the exercise of this heroic virtue was none other than the Crown Princess Stephanie, widow of Prince Rudolph, whose tragic death some years ago has imparted a flavor of uncertainty to the succession to the Austrian throne. The Crown Princess, accompanied by her twelve-year-old daughter, had gone on an excursion up the mountains not far from Vienna. Becoming separated from her attendants, and being both hungry and thirsty, she and her daughter stopped at a small inn on the mountain-side and ordered some refreshments. Just then she remembered she had no money in her pocket, and, taking the landlady into her confidence, told who she was and asked her to trust her. The hostess, however, was incredulous, and pointing to the sign "No Trust" hanging on the wall, declined to fill the order. The Princess yielded to the inevitable, but the little girl, with eyes flashing, assured "mine hostess" that she and her mother "were honest people." Honesty, however, was evidently at too great a discount in that locality, and the caution represented by the "No trustee, no bustee" conviction triumphed. The food was not served.

A WELCOME CHANGE.

IN this hour of political turmoil and bitter recrimination it is refreshing to find that one of our leading dailies can turn from the agonizing discussion of finance and tariff to the consideration of the always interesting national game. The New York Sun, referring to a recent incident in the baseball world, says:

"The Cleveland baseball club may be well suited for purposes of war and battle, but when it revived the ancient, though superfluous, custom of slugging an umpire, it was found necessary to 'rim in' these too fierce exponents of nearly obsolete baseball manners. The illustrious Captain Tebeau, a man of great power of conversation, had to pay a fine of one hundred dollars at Louisville, and his associates in rashness paid fines of from seventy-five to fifty dollars apiece. Doubtless the baseball world is composed of wealthy men, but it seems reasonably clear that none of them is likely to increase his hoard by swatting the umpire. Even the umpire must live, if he can."

INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS IN IRELAND.

FEW of the attempts made by the Congested Districts Board to develop the resources of West Ireland have been as successful as the Woolen Mills of Foxford; for there the Sisters of Charity have transformed one of the poorest districts of Mayo into a busy hive of enterprise and industry. Six years back the outlook was dismal enough; chronic famine seemed to be the daily lot. Since then Providence House has been opened, and the water-power of the River Moy has been utilized. By a free gift of fifteen hundred pounds and a loan of seven thousand pounds from the Board, the Sisters have been able to dam the stream and to erect a powerful turbine which keeps the mill plant in constant motion, and now Foxford tweeds are well able to hold their own.

But this is by no means the only work undertaken by the nuns. In the first instance their efforts were purely educational. When the National Schools were confided to their care, the attendance was but small. The neighboring villages and townlands were canvassed, and showed a large child population, whose invariable excuse was that it had no clothes. Through the assistance of charitable friends the deficiency was supplied, and the attendance more than doubled, with the result that new classrooms had to be added. The children are no longer taught the merest rudiments only, but receive technical education as well. Weaving, spinning, knitting, and other handicrafts form part of the curriculum, and they are thus supplied with opportunities of earning a "fair day's wage for a fair day's work."

And the enterprise of the philanthropic Sisterhood ends not even there. If the standard of life is to be raised, sanitation must receive due attention. With this object in view, the Sisters have gone through the whole countryside, and have induced the people to remove the manure heaps that so often disfigure the

approach to Irish cottar homes. Not merely have they accomplished this, but they have likewise persuaded the inhabitants to lay out fruit and vegetable gardens. Their ready sympathy with the people, their wants and requirements, has succeeded where the dogmatic lessons of the doctrinaire have so often failed. Prizes were this year distributed to no less than two hundred and fifty-three competitors, who had converted unsightly and insanitary areas into gardens of flower and fruit. This work, so well begun, needs still further development. Hitherto the energy of the Sisterhood has been cramped by an annual charge, which has had to be paid as interest on borrowed money. After all, the main object of the nuns has been to act as pioneers: they hope to see British capitalists follow in their footsteps. They have shown what can be done in a barren and unproductive district with the most unprofitable materials, and it now remains for others to profit by their example.

THE PERSIAN THRONE.

THAT Teheran is quiet and not in a state of anarchy, as has been the case on the death of former rulers, is due mainly to the tact, foresight and energetic precautions of the Prime Minister Mirza Ali Asghar Khan, the "Emin-es-Sultan," his official title. He is only about thirty-nine years of age, but is one of the most enlightened men in Persia. He holds the Ministries of the Interior, Court, Customs and Treasury, besides being Administrator of the Mint and Governor of the Persian Gulf Ports.

The new Shah has proclaimed his son, Prince Mohammed Ali, his successor. This son is not the eldest, but his mother being a Princess he takes precedence of his elder brothers, whose mothers were not of royal blood. He has been publicly proclaimed the Vali Ahd, or Crown Prince. He is said to be well educated, and is now twenty-four years of age.

We also publish the portrait of Mirza Riza of Kirman, the assassin of Shah Nasr-ed-din. This man is well known in Teheran as a peddler. He is not a lunatic, as some have alleged, nor is he an enthusiast. The motive of his crime is not apparent. Contrary to custom, and by order of the Minister, Mirza Riza has not been put to torture, or starved, but is being properly fed and carefully watched. The wildest rumors are current about his accomplices.

BURNS.

THE sudden wave of popularity on which Burns has recently risen has furnished Mr. Andrew Lang with a text. From his "Scottish Workshop" he writes in the *Illustrated London News* of what he styles the "deluge of Robbie" which is now sweeping us away, and of the prophets and seers, past and present, who have found the plowman good material with which to point a moral or adorn a tale. "Mr. Ian Maclaren, too," says Mr. Lang, "is among the prophets of Burns: 'Mr. Carlyle need not have made so much of Burns's want of self-control, for in that Burns suffered, we have gained.' Well, if the more uncontrolled Burns was the more we gained, why should Mr. Carlyle not make much of it? Mr. Carlyle, to be sure, thought that our gain would have been greater if Burns had possessed more self-control. He might have lived to be seventy, and might have written more good things in a healthier existence. Surely that is obvious. I do not see that any of Burns's best poems are the result of too much whisky. He was quite sober when he wrote his best poems, and if he had taken a little better care of himself and refrained from 'burning himself to a cinder,' surely our gain would have been incalculable. No, I don't see what we gain by Burns's want of self-control. His penitential psalms are not especially edifying; besides, he as self-controlled as you please, and you will always have room enough for penitential psalms. As far as Burns goes, there is not and never was any use in preaching. But if any young plowman-bards are growing up they will find Mr. Carlyle's sermon of more value than Burns's example, as far as self-control goes. Not that Mr. Carlyle had much, only his temptation was not to drink; still less to go 'chapping out the lasses,' but to swear at large, grumble, and be 'grey ill to live wi.' As regards these violent delights, the sage had no more self-control than the sinner. But we are not gainers by Mr. Carlyle's bad temper any more than by Burns's roaring or philandering excesses, or Leigh Hunt's dislike to fritter away his money in paying bills. It is delightful to be more moral than a 'placed Minister,' like Mr. Ian Maclaren! Burns was guilty, not of Pharisaism, but of Publicanism. He thanked Heaven that he was not as other men are, nor even as that Pharisee. The original publican of the parable did not err in this way; but it is a way of error for all that."

BICYCLES AND RELIGION.

It is rumored in California that an appeal to the Legislature of that State is contemplated, for a law to suppress bicycle riding during the customary hours of holding divine service on Sundays. It is claimed by the advocates of the measure that devout worshippers are seriously disturbed going to and returning from church; and that, moreover, many of the young men and women who attend the Sunday-schools at once take to the wheel instead of going to hear the pastor's sermon. The San

Francisco *News Letter* comments on this proposed measure in very decided terms. It says:

"It is no doubt a very shocking state of things from a pastor's point of view, and one, by the way, that says little for his influence. The remedy he would apply says still less for his knowledge of human nature. If churches want to put the bicycle into the hands of pretty nearly every man, woman and child in the city, they will go ahead and get the proposed law passed; or sue out an injunction compelling the Board of Health to stop its use at those hours as a disturber of the peace or as a creator of nervous disorders; or surround the way of getting it with the greatest possible difficulties. The manufacturers would no doubt join them in any one of the movements suggested. It will be better for them to let the bicycle alone. In time its use will find its normal growth and conform to such healthy public opinion as the clergy may succeed in creating. That will certainly be better than forcing its use upon rebels against coercion, which by nature we all are."

THAT EVER-PRESENT THIRD TERM.

THE idea of a third term for Mr. Cleveland is evidently taken more seriously by our English cousins than by us. The *New York Tribune*, quoting an organ of British thought, says in a recent issue:

"The *London Spectator* solemnly observes that the Chicago Convention 'can hardly, in the face of Mr. Cleveland's opinion, attempt the silver cry.' In the name of the Stuffed Prophet, figs!" We feel like dropping into slang and supplementing the *Tribune's* concluding remark with the more forcible, if less elegant, comment—"Rats!"

In the same connection the *Recorder* unburdens its editorial mind in the following paragraph: "The *Sun* keeps on prodding Mr. Cleveland for not having declined to be considered as a candidate for renomination. With two-thirds of the delegates to Chicago ready to jump on him with both feet and repudiate his money policy, wouldn't it be a little superfluous at this stage of the game for Mr. Cleveland to decline a fourth nomination? Can a man really decline a thing that he has no earthly show of getting?"

SOME WESTERN INCIDENTS.

OTHER things than young Lochinvars come out of the West—"the cotton velvet West" as it fondly styles itself. Free silver orators, for instance; and things yet more fearful and wonderful than even campaign oratory of either the white brand or the yellow. One of them is the tale of the moth plague which is raging throughout Indiana and some parts of Illinois. The winged things, say the newsmongers, darken daylight as well as counsel, and keep up so great a fluttering in the face and eyes as to half bewilder the chance passer.

But they are not to be compared with the Indiana man who has not merely founded a new religion—that is a most commonplace and every-day happening anywhere—but built a church for it, and is himself the sole member. He does not want to make full converts either—only semi-believers, who will accept his statement that through him they can commune privily with the Most High. To facilitate matters he has spent ten thousand dollars in putting up a church building whose like no man has seen. It has eight corners, eight gables, and in each gable a private room within which the Almighty is supposed to be especially accessible. Services are to match the building in the way of quirks and corners. An admission fee will be charged, and much revenue is expected through the rent of the favored corner rooms.

THE SWEETS OF A SWEET.

THERE are millions in more things than sugar, tobacco and petroleum—millions, too, without the intervention of a trust. That is, if you have a good thing, and are wise enough to so advertise it that all men will think it the best thing. Monsieur Menier has done that with his chocolate. Result: he has made himself king—not merely a king in finance, but of a veritable island domain.

It is the island of Anticosti, up among our neighbors, the Blue Noses. Waters of St. Lawrence wash its shores. They are fairly extensive; the island is some thirty miles long, and from three to five broad. It is almost wholly unpeopled; or, rather, it was, when it came into possession of its new seigneur. He has brought to it a shipload of thrifty French colonists. They are to occupy and possess one-half the island. The other half is to become the most magnificent preserve of big game in the world. The lord of the isle has set up a great fence about his reservation, within which bear, deer, buffalo, moose and caribou are to be given all facilities to increase and multiply. Game birds of all sorts as well—partridge, grouse, cock, and all the rest. Of course, a small army of foresters and game-keepers will be on hand to look after the creatures; the fish of the streams and waters round about as well. Very recently there was a pretty stir over the report that Monsieur Menier—good man, he is so entirely *bourgeois* there is no prefix to his name—would undertake to stop fishing within three miles of his coast, except by such fishermen as had taken out a license under the proprietorial seal. But that is now said to be untrue. Monsieur Menier, who is on a visit to his new principality, gives

an authoritative word to the effect that no such thing has even been thought of; and, further, that good settlers will be welcome, no matter whence they come, provided they are willing to comply strictly with the regulations he, as lord paramount, may set up for the island's government.

Of course there is to be a great castle at one edge of the domain. Indeed, the whole establishment will be modeled closely upon a chateau of feudal times. Yet there will be all modern conveniences, though it is intended to keep intact as far as possible the wild and virgin loveliness of the spot. Altogether the plan is an enchanting one, and reflects a luster of at least semi-originality upon its projector. Doubtless he might readily have found other ways of investing some part of his many millions. It is questionable, though, if by long thought he could have hit upon any other plan that would have yielded him, in credit and renown, in solid satisfaction, and the blessedness of good spending, one tithe of what he is certain to receive through thus becoming a kindly monarch of all he surveys.

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE PROCESSES.

If Fate or Nature did not interpose to save us from ourselves often we would fall into evil case indeed. A curious illustration of the truism is reported from Albany, N. Y. In the hospital there, one William H. Morrison has been an object of interest to the doctors of that town. His ailment was "memory blindness." That is to say, a lack of coherent cognizance of who, or where, or what he was. It began with a raging headache, for which he took a dose of bromide. The resultant sleep ended in coma, unusually prolonged, and out of which the patient came, at intervals, into a condition of semi-delirium. Then he writhed about, and made signs that he wanted writing material. When it was supplied, after a sane word or two, his hand wandered off into meaningless scrawls. Afterward he sank back into lethargy.

A saving lethargy, the doctors say. The man had been driving himself hard—his brain was overtaxed—and but for the interval of enforced rest would have given way entirely. As it is, Mr. Morrison has escaped a madhouse, at the cost of a singular and troublesome illness. His case should serve as a warning to thousands of his fellows who live at the full tension of this high pressure age.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

FROM all appearances 1896 will be the banner year in the annals of baseball. A serious drawback, to be sure, is the outbreak of rowdiness that has characterized the sport to an unprecedented extent this year; but the remedy for that is at hand and will be applied. Dirty ball-playing and disorderly conduct on the ball field are amenable to the law, and if all other remedies fail to suppress them this should be promptly invoked.

To the special credit of the college teams it can be said that the very intensity of their rivalry seems to only emphasize and intensify their gentlemanly demeanor toward one another. Besides being, in many instances, the full equals of the strongest professional players, the college teams are a good example to all of them. Illustrations on another page give views of the Yale and Princeton teams.

THE "REVOKE" GAME.

THE whist tournament closed early Sunday morning, June 28, at the Oriental Hotel, Manhattan Beach, after the most interesting and altogether the most successful series of contests in the history of the game. The growth of the popularity of whist in this country for the last few years is one of the prominent facts in the contemporary history of sports. The game is one of those that grow on one to the exclusion of all taste for any other. As always, the fair sex is well represented among the whist champions. The popularity of the game is no doubt due in a degree to this fact as well as to its own intrinsic and peculiar fascination. Illustrations on another page were specially taken, the players showing the unusual courtesy of a special sitting for the purpose.

COTTON MANUFACTURES FOR THE SOUTH.

THE *Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore says that a ten thousand-spindle mill will be built at Gaffney, S. C., to spin fine numbers from 100s to 150s, and to be woven into all kinds of fancy cotton goods. This will be the first mill built in the Southern States to manufacture such a grade of goods, and it is regarded as the beginning of a movement which will result in the South taking a prominent place in the manufacture of the highest grade of cotton goods.

A SUMMER WAIL.

"THE prevalent feeling in a good many households just now," says the *Providence Journal*, "is one of unconfessed regret at giving up the sure comforts of a city home for the dubious pleasures of a seaside, mountain or country sojourn."

CUBA'S ALLY.

"YELLOW JACK, the greatest filibuster on record," says the *Houston Post*, "is landing ammunition in Cuba daily now for the insurgents."



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WILFRID LAURIER.

Under the leadership of Laurier the Canadian Liberals have succeeded in ousting the Conservatives from power in the Dominion. The result of the polling throughout the Dominion caused an outburst of unusual popular enthusiasm. Even dyed-in-the-wool Conserva-



WILFRID LAURIER.

tives, who had voted for the Government in response to the crack of the party whip, admitted that, on the whole, they did not altogether regret that a change had taken place.

There was a feeling among many of the most loyal Conservatives that the leaders of the party, especially Sir Charles Tupper, had, as the result of a long and

Sir Mackenzie Bowell even flouted the Conservatives of Winnipeg when they remonstrated with him on the subject, and dared them to vote for a Liberal. They answered by sending "Joe" Martin, author of the Manitoba Education Act of 1890, and a strong Liberal, as their representative to succeed Hugh John Macdonald. Montreal followed suit by electing James McShane, a former member of the Mercier Cabinet, to succeed J. J. Curran, a Conservative, whom Bowell had, apparently in a spirit of bravado, elevated to the bench to give the voters of Montreal a chance to declare themselves.

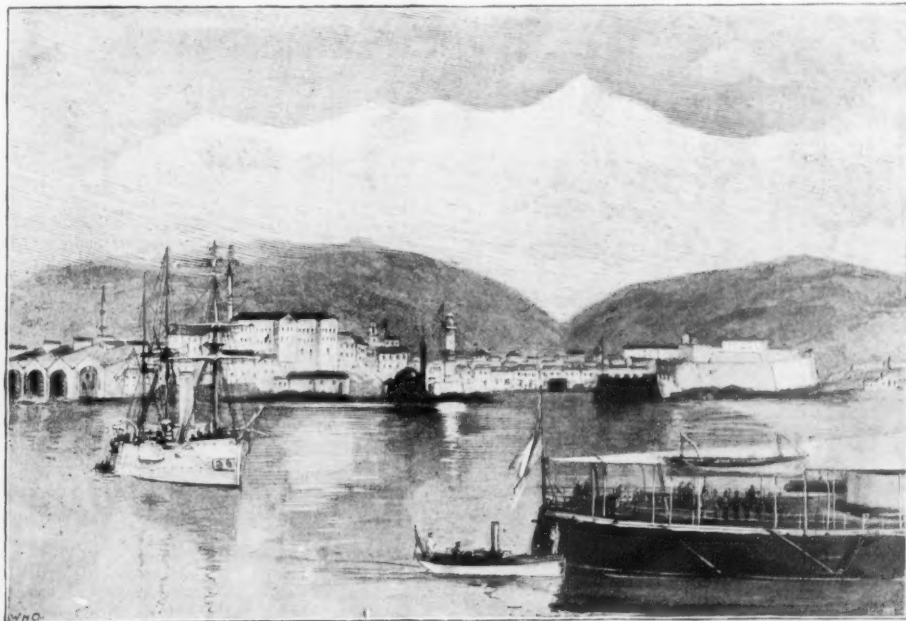
Another and very significant feature in the result was that the vote in the Province of Quebec, which is overwhelmingly French Roman Catholic, gave Mr. Laurier and the Liberals an increased majority, instead of being cast, as Sir Charles Tupper expected, almost as a unit for the Government.

There is a growing sense of the urgent necessity of readjusting the tariff in such a way and to such an extent as to lighten the taxation of the masses and increase the levy hitherto made on the favored classes.

To call the result a "landslide" is not putting the case any too strong. Not only was the majority of forty which the Conservatives had in the last House of Commons wiped out, but the handsome majority over all the parties—Conservatives, Patrons and McCarthyites—of twenty-four was secured by Wilfrid Laurier. This means five years of Liberal rule for Canada.

MAY GROW VERY SERIOUS.

According to the *Illustrated London News*, the several European Powers having naval and commercial interests in the Mediterranean are just now anxiously watching the struggle which has again recommenced between the Greek population of Crete or Candia—which, after Sicily, Sardinia and Corsica, is the largest island in that sea—and the forces of its sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey. The prospects of political independence, or rather of eventual annexation to the kingdom of Greece, do not seem hopeful for the Greeks. The Turkish soldiery, by all accounts, have displayed in this island a remarkable decline of their old military quality, behaving more like brigands, in cruel orgies of massacre, outrage and plunder. The newly appointed Governor, Abdullah Pasha, has failed hitherto, if he has seriously endeavored, to check these savage practices, and five European Consuls at Canea have jointly protested against them.



THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE—THE HARBOR OF CANEA.

uninterrupted lease of power, come to regard Canada as their own special property, and the policy of protection as a charm to conjure with for all time.

On more than one occasion, notably in the cases of Montreal and Winnipeg, they showed they had the idea that they could not only ignore but actually snub those cities when approached by their representatives with a request for some favor. This was why Hugh John Macdonald, son of the great leader of the Conservative party, gave up his seat as member from Winnipeg, acknowledging in so many words that he did not care to represent a constituency any longer for whom he could obtain nothing, simply because they were regarded as sure for the party.

It is admitted, on the other hand, that murders and other outrages have been perpetrated by some bands of Greek insurgents belonging to a rude highland race, and not subject to any discipline or military command. The state of affairs is very different in some districts and at one end or side of the island from that which prevails at another. In the town of Canea, a well-frequented port on the north coast, a Mussulman mob, supported by the Turkish soldiers, rioted and committed great excesses, killing the "kavasses" or chief guards of the Russian and Greek Consuls. The sketches on another page illustrate the most recent scenes and incidents of this deplorable conflict.



THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE—KISAMOS, ON THE NORTH COAST OF THE ISLAND.



VAMOS, NEAR SUDA BAY, WHERE TURKISH TROOPS WERE DEFEATED.



ASSASSINATION OF THE KAVASSES OF THE RUSSIAN AND GREEK CONSULS AT CANEA.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION.

The great convention of the Christian Endeavor Society opened in Washington July 8. Over seventy-five thousand delegates, representing branches scattered all over the United States and Canada, and not a few from countries beyond the sea, are present to take part in this remarkable demonstration.

At the national capital for the five days of the convention the city will practically be given over to the Endeavorers. Floral decorations containing the society's monogram are conspicuous in all the parks, while the churches and business houses are all vying with one another in decorations intended to be in honor of the event.

The arrangements made for the accommodation of this army of Endeavorers are very complete, and the best of care will be taken of them both from a physical and a spiritual standpoint. All classes of citizens and Government officials, from the President down, are doing their utmost to make the visitors to the city during the convention as welcome as possible. Thirty-two churches and three enormous tents afford the conveniences for religious services and sessions of the body.

The three tents are located on the White Lot, a handsome park in the rear of the White House. Each of these tents will contain seating capacity for thirteen thousand persons. Tent Washington will be the official headquarters during the convention. The other tents are known as Williston and Endeavor. The use of the White Lot for this purpose was granted to the Christian Endeavor Committee by a joint resolution of Congress approved by the President.

The delegations from various States are each assigned a particular church for headquarters, and are in charge of a committee which looks after hotel accommodations and the general welfare of the delegates from its State. In order to make the welcome to Washington thorough and hearty, reception committees were appointed to meet incoming trains laden with Endeavorers quite a distance out from Washington. When the capital was reached other committees were in waiting at the depots to receive and welcome the incoming pilgrims. Upon arrival the strangers were at once escorted to their headquarters, where they registered and were furnished with information as to the accommodations at their disposal. Each delegate received a badge upon registering, without which no one can obtain admission to the tents or churches where the meetings are held.

The opening meetings of the sessions were held in the various churches on the evening of July 8, the topic being "Deepening of the Spiritual Life."

The marvelous growth of the Society of Christian Endeavor entitles it to rank as one of the greatest religious movements of any age. Almost all denominations of Protestants have adopted this powerful auxiliary to Christian work as a part of their church system, and with the enormous scope now furnished it is impossible to tell to what gigantic proportions the society will eventually grow. Although purely of American origin, in the fifteen years that have elapsed since the first Christian Endeavor Society was started the movement has extended to almost all civilized countries.

In Great Britain it has grown with such rapidity that the largest hall in London is not spacious enough to contain the delegates from London, alone, to the conventions. Australia has been another fruitful field for the Endeavor movement.

The little mustard seed from which this mighty plant has grown was first planted in what was then known as the Williston Chapel at Portland, Me. The little structure which had the honor of first sheltering this great movement was taken down some years ago and the handsome church shown in our illustration erected in

its place. It was built for the purpose of Sunday-school meetings in a neglected part of the city, and eventually became a chapel of ease to the old State Street Church of Portland. Its first pastor was the Rev. Burke F. Leavitt, who in due course was succeeded by the Rev. F. E. Clark. The latter gentleman was a young and enthusiastic minister, as was afterward to be proved—a person of the most remarkable parts.

Like all men destined to launch some great new idea upon the world, the newcomer to the Williston pastorate had not the vaguest suspicion of what he was to be the author of when he first entered upon the field of his labors. One of the strong points in the character of Mr. Clark was his love for and belief in the younger element of his congregation. Here was the initial step in the creation of the Christian Endeavor idea. From the young people connected with his church the Rev. Clark formed what was known as the "pastor's class," by means of which he gathered the bright, enthusiastic and hopeful element around him. The purpose of the class was to stimulate a deeper piety among its members and a more thorough consecration to Christian work. In carrying out this object the new pastor was eminently successful. The young folks rallied around him, and there was soon perceptible the quickening of a new religious life in the services of the church. Mrs. Clark, the wife of the pastor, was as thoroughly devoted to evangelical work as was her husband, and while he was busy with his class she was turning her time to good account by the development of a mission circle. The united efforts of this devout couple led to the conversion of a number of the younger members. The great anxiety of the new minister was how to keep alive the new spiritual life awakened in these converts.

Late in the year 1880 the usual Week of Prayer was held at the Williston Church, and some twenty or thirty additional converts were made among the younger members. But this was in nowise an exceptional thing in a church where a devoted young minister and his wife consecrated themselves so thoroughly to the duty before them.

There was something yet to be done, some new thought to be fashioned and turned to practical account before the new movement could be chronicled as having been begun. Like all earnest and true shepherds, Mr. Clark felt that he was facing a crisis in his career and that something was before him to do. He examined the situation thoroughly, and saw where the weakness of the system of religious teaching in the churches lay. It was the lack of opportunity for confession and acknowledgment of their allegiance on the part of the converts, by means of which their faith and determination could be strengthened. In the prayer meeting the majority of them shrank from expressing themselves, and too often from a failure to profess their inability to live up to those high principles of the Christian life followed. This led to a gradual decline in godliness until the convert drifted back into worldly ways and a final forgetfulness of the early pledges resulted.

To have discovered this point was enough for the Rev. Clark. He saw at once that a plan for the development of a stricter discipline was needed, and he set to work to solve the important problem without delay. This he did by drawing up the first constitution of the first Society of Christian Endeavor, a document which was framed with the simple hope that it might be useful in that small and humble sphere, without a thought that it was destined to prove within the next few years the means by which millions would bind themselves in lifelong adhesion to the convictions of those tender and impressionable years.

Mr. Clark tells us in his own words how fearful he was after writing that remarkable document lest he had made it so strenuous a pledge that the young people for whom it was intended would shrink from such grave responsibilities as their signatures to it would entail. But, having discovered the secret of the steam's escape from the kettle, this spiritual Watt was destined to turn his knowledge to the practical use of mankind, despite his own fears and misgivings.

On February 2, 1881, in response to an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Clark, the little band of converts were invited to the house of the minister, who read to them the new Declaration of Christian Independence which he had formulated.

When it is remembered that the little band comprised only persons of mediocre intelligence and average character it will be understood that the solemn duties imposed by this pledge might easily appall them. They were at first dismayed somewhat, and it is probable the signing of the constitution would have been deferred to another meeting, if not indefinitely, but for the prompt and decisive action of two of Mr. Clark's lieutenants who were present. These were Mr. W. H. Pennell and Mrs. Clark.

The constitution was a rather lengthy affair, covering five pages of pretty closely written foolscap. The first paragraph gave the society its name, "The Williston Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor." The object was next defined as being "to promote an earnest Christian life among its members, to increase their mutual acquaintance and to make them more useful in the service of God."

The backbone, or main principle of the idea, was embodied in the paragraph descriptive of the conduct of the weekly prayer meeting, at which all were expected to be present, if possible, otherwise to send a text to be read as from themselves. "Once a month an 'experience' meeting shall be held," continues the constitution, "at which each member shall speak concerning his or her progress in the Christian life for the past month. If any one chooses he can express his feelings by an appropriate piece of Scripture."

A "Lookout" Committee was provided for, the duties of which were to watch after those who did not report in the regular way. Social intercourse among the members was to be looked after by another committee. So concise and complete was this document as drawn up by the Rev. Clark that it has been used almost verbatim ever since by the countless Christian Endeavor Societies that have sprung up throughout the world. So serious and binding seemed its terms, however, that after Dr. Clark had finished reading it no one among his callers ventured to get up and sign it, until Mr. Pennell, seeing the danger of a postponement, led the way by affixing his own name and requesting his class of boys to follow in line. Then Mrs. Clark added her name to the little

list, and one by one all of those present stepped up to the table and inscribed their names upon the first roll of Christian Endeavor members. The deed was done, the society born and baptized, and thenceforth its purpose was to grow and grow till it reached the uttermost corners of the earth.

The main principle of the new movement, as previously described, lay in the changing of the spirit of the prayer meeting, and giving to all a voice on such occasions. No one could feel themselves unable to repeat a small verse of Scripture, even if not feeling competent to make a prayer. The charter members of the first society numbered fifty-seven. The first meeting of the society was held on February 4, under the leadership of Granville Staples, a young dry goods clerk of Portland, and it passed off with evident success. Of the original members of the Williston society many have been dispersed owing to the natural course of events, but the record shows that they are all, as far as known, as true to the principles to which they pledged themselves as when their signatures were first given.

For many months the Williston Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor continued its quiet and unassuming way, its members resolutely holding to their pledges. An article written by Dr. Clark in the *Congregationalist*, entitled "How One Church Cares for its Young People," gave a full account of the society. This was copied into other religious papers here and abroad, leading very quickly to the establishing of societies in other places.

The second Society of Christian Endeavor was established by the Rev. Charles Perry Mills, pastor of the North Church of Newburyport, Mass. This was eight months after the formation of the Williston society. The third society was formed in the Christian Church of Scituate, R. I., three States thus having adopted the idea before the expiration of the first year. Then followed other societies connected respectively with the following churches: St. Lawrence Street Church, Portland, Me.; Winooski Avenue Church, Burlington, Vt.; Second Parish Church, and West Church, Portland, Me., and others at Bath and Hampden in the Pine Tree State.

When the first anniversary of the vigorous young society at Williston was held already twenty societies were known to be in the field, the movement having become both inter-State and interdenominational. Very soon inquiries commenced to arrive from all directions concerning the new movement, and a hectograph pad was purchased by the Rev. Dr. Clark on which about eighty copies of the original constitution were made to supply the outside demand. And thus, unassisted by wealthy friends or without being boomed by advertising methods, even without any marked exploitation by the press, the work continued its phenomenal growth.

No systematic effort was made to control or regulate the movement until 1885, when the United Society of Christian Endeavor was formed and equipped for spreading the idea, which had already made a home for itself among American institutions. From this time on the growth of the organization was phenomenal. Wherever ministers took the matter up and made a study of the constitution they found that it was exactly what they desired. Its framer had not sought by extraneous means, such as picnics and festivals, to build up an organization, but by religious principles, stimulated and maintained by proper discipline.

The first Christian Endeavor Convention was naturally held at the Williston Church, Portland. The event occurred on June 2, 1882, and there were only six societies represented, containing 481 members. The second convention was also held in Portland, owing to the fact of that city remaining the strongest center of the movement up to that time.

At first some opposition was met with from within the church itself to the new institution, and there were ministers who asserted that it would sap away the life of the church proper. Others took the stand that the pledge which was required of the active members was too stern and uncompromising for the laity. These doubts and theories were answered by the ever onward march of the society. The pledge requires that the member shall come before each meeting with a clear conscience to present to God. Furthermore, that only under the most absolute necessity shall the weekly meeting of the society be missed. It is this keeping up of the high level of purity and conscientiousness which has proved the bulwark of the movement, according to the belief of the greatest Christian Endeavorers. Naturally half-hearted followers of the church shrank from such a solemn responsibility. This only served to leave the work in the hands of those more resolute and better fitted to carry it forward. The success of the Endeavor movement follows upon the general lines of all great successes. It shows that honest conviction of the rightfulness of a purpose or principle and adhesion to it will succeed, provided that it is persevered with.

The Third Annual Convention of the new society was held in the Kirk Street Church, Lowell, Mass., and 136 societies were there represented, the membership having grown to a total of 8,905. This showed a very satisfactory percentage of increase. The balance of power had gone over to the State of Massachusetts by this time, 43 societies being recorded in that State against 28 in Maine and 17 in New York.

By the next year, when the convention was held at Ocean Park, Old Orchard, Me., 253 societies were in existence, and of these 61 societies were represented by 161 delegates, some six or seven hundred Endeavorers being present. At this meeting the society was turned into a corporate body under the laws of the State of Maine. Annual membership was obtainable, thereafter, in the United Society of Christian Endeavor, by eligible persons, upon payment of one dollar per year, or life membership on payment of twenty dollars. A radical change of method was made at this convention by a resolution admitting "any person, young or old, who is in sympathy with young people, and desires to lead them to Christ, in an endeavor to form a good Christian character." This immediately opened the doors to a host of persons of mature years, many of whom were engaged in active ministerial work, who desired to join the now popular movement. It brought to the society also much valued and experienced assistance.

The Rev. Samuel Winchester Adriance was elected first general secretary of the new corporation. The first badges ever worn by Christian Endeavorers also

were displayed at this convention. They consisted of a small piece of white satin ribbon, upon which was inscribed "Christian Endeavor Delegate" in red letters.

The purpose of the new organization was wisely confined to the work of spreading the Christian Endeavor idea. There was no centralization of authority attempted through the body, disputes between local societies and their pastors having to be settled between themselves, as neither the Board of Trustees nor the Executive Committee were desirous of usurping ecclesiastical functions. Simplicity was, as usual, made the keynote of the arrangement. The first Board of Trustees consisted of only eight persons, a marked contrast to the vast number now required for the management of the society. Of these trustees the Rev. F. E. Clark was necessarily one.

In 1886 and 1887 two Christian Endeavor Conventions were held at Saratoga Springs. The first of these was attended by a still larger number of delegates, the membership having risen from 15,000 to 30,000, and the number of societies from 252 to 850. Eight religious denominations were represented, including Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, Christian, Reformed and Episcopal. In thirty-three States, Territories and Provinces these societies had been formed, while seven were reported in foreign countries. Then it was determined to hold State Conferences as well as National and International Conventions. Dr. Deems of the Church of the Strangers, New York, preached the opening sermon at this convention and the temperance question was brought strongly to the front. At this meeting it was prophesied by a New Haven minister that in ten years there would be a million of Christian Endeavorers. To-day there are close upon three millions in various parts of the globe, almost three-quarters of them being in America. The second Saratoga Convention was as great a success as the first one, and the number of societies recorded was 2,314, a gain of 1,464 in one year. The *Golden Rule* was also made the official organ of the society.

By the time that the first "great" convention of Christian Endeavorers was held there were 310,000 members to be represented, and so extensively had the movement spread from a geographical standpoint that Chicago was selected as the most convenient center for the convention. It was therefore held in that city in the year 1888, 5,000 delegates being present and many distinguished persons for the first time making their appearance upon the platform.

Much of the work of looking after the comfort of guests to the convention was looked after by the Royal Legion, an organization formed among young men in Boston for providing a corps of ushers, members of committees of arrangements, and messengers at the various conventions. The present badge of the society, a small monogram pin, was adopted about this time and was worn in addition to State badges at the conventions. The badge banner, which has been a most attractive feature at the various conventions, after being held by Pennsylvania for two years, went to Ontario in 1893 and subsequently to England in 1894. It is bestowed upon the State or Province in which the largest number of societies have been formed during the year preceding the convention.

In 1889 the convention was held at Philadelphia, no less than 5,000 delegates, representing nearly half a million members, being present. Rev. J. T. Beckley, D.D., then president of the Pennsylvania Union, gave the delegates a hearty welcome. This clergyman, who was then pastor of the Beth Eden Baptist Church of Philadelphia, is one of the most prominent workers in the Christian Endeavor movement, having traveled largely in the South and East on behalf of the society. The Hon. John Wanamaker, who is also a Christian Endeavorer, was a prominent local figure at the convention. The Philadelphia meeting was chronicled as "the largest delegate religious assemblage that Christendom has yet witnessed."

From the very first the Christian Endeavor Societies have taken active part in the support of Foreign Missions, and its emissaries have been sent to spread the Christian doctrine in all parts of the world. From the outset there have been a larger number of females than males connected with the societies, and the Christian Endeavor movement owes a heavy debt to the women of America for the hearty way in which they have devoted their lives to its service.

The convention of 1890 was held at St. Louis in the Exposition Building, over 11,000 delegates being present.

The Tenth International Convention was held at Portland, Me., the long outgrown cradle of the society. In the year following the Twin Cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis—were selected for the holding of the annual convention, and over 14,000 delegates were present, representing 16,274 societies. The speakers at this meeting included President William R. Harper of the Chicago University, President E. B. Andrews of Brown University, and Mr. Ira D. Sankey.

In 1892 the great auditorium of the Madison Square Garden was utilized for the purposes of the annual convention, and some 30,000 delegates were registered. The Garden was incapable of holding this vast number, and it became necessary to accommodate the overflow in several of the city churches. The presence of the vast crowds of delegates at this convention made a profound impression upon the citizens of New York.

Subsequent conventions were held in Montreal, Cleveland and Boston. The latter eclipsed everything that had previously been held in the way of numbers. To accommodate the forty or fifty thousand delegates to this convention, in addition to the Mechanics' Hall and any number of churches, two enormous tents, capable of containing 13,000 persons each, had to be erected upon the Common.

To enter into a description of the growth of the work in England, Australia and other countries would involve more space than is now at our disposal. Suffice it to say that every civilized land, and many that are still considered without the pale, have yielded to the irrepressible march of the Christian Endeavor idea, and even in Persia and China societies have been formed among the natives. There is no indication that the organization has reached anything like its full development, and the growth of the international movement is probably destined to bring Christians of all countries into a greater and closer unity than could have been accomplished by any other means.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT TOBACCO.

LONG ago I recollect reading, in one of the current magazines, a clever article by that brilliant man, the late James Parton, called "Will the Coming Man Smoke?" If I mistake not, Parton declared quite firmly that he would not. This was surely thirty years ago, and it seems to me that no sign of regeneration has yet shown itself.

Tobacco is the only poison which has ever, to my knowledge, succeeded in making itself permanently respectable. Alcohol, indeed, might be called its scapegoat elder brother. How few wives would think of saying in public: "My husband drinks too much"! And yet how many wives are constantly saying: "My husband smokes too much"! As for the morphine, opium or chloral habit, these are obviously outcast and vagabond. Snuff-taking, once the most elegant of vices, now seems with vulgarity, and to confess that one "chews" is to be looked at with horror by women and disgust by a majority of men.

There is no doubt that smoking did not always enjoy its present good repute. Forty years ago in New York few young men of respected position would have dared to be seen walking Broadway with a cigar between their lips. Cigars were held to be a dissipation, and one which "led to thirst," and therefore to drunkenness. Since then so many upright and unassailable members of society have become inveterate and audacious smokers, that all prejudice against the indulgence has been quietly swept away.

There is no doubt that if smoking affected all of us as it affects some of us it would long since have been denounced as the most pernicious of practices. But to attempt anything like casting an average of those whom it delights without harming and those whom it delights with injurious result is to pause astonished by the depths of difference thus disclosed. Not long ago I met, after ten years of separation, a friend whom I remembered to have been a confirmed smoker of cigarettes. They were cigarettes, too, of the old-fashioned Cuban kind, with heavy paper and very strong and dead-black contents.

"You still smoke those same formidable little fellows?" I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"Just as many each day as you used to consume?"

"Just as many. And I inhale the smoke of them, precisely as I used. And I have never found the least discomfort from doing so. If I am physically hurt I've no knowledge of the fact whatever."

To be contrasted most tellingly with this admission is the recent statement of another friend, a clubman and *viveur*. "There are times," he said to me, "when a few whiffs from cigar or cigarette will make me feel almost suicidal." This smoker selected his hours of inabstinence. He had learned by experience that he could only smoke when his nerves were already steadied by stimulants, and the man who cannot enjoy tobacco except when wine permits had far better leave it permanently alone.

Amazing, on the other hand, are those excesses into which a particular class of smokers can plunge themselves. A famous American poet, who smoked from breakfast-time till the hour for bed, with few intermissions, told me through the bluish vapors of his cherished pipe: "Tobacco never starts a nerve with me." Happy poet! And yet if he had been a journalist, a lawyer, a worker with the brain when the brain needs urging for the completion of a certain given task inside a given space of time, he might have found how the goddess Nicotia (as I think Dr. Holmes once called her) can wreak malice untold.

One of the most striking external features of London life, and hence immediately noticed by a foreigner, is the great prevalence of pipes. Here, to see a well-dressed man with a pipe is rare; to see a smartly dressed one with a pipe is almost impossible. But in London streets you constantly jostle against persons with the garb and bearings of gentlemen, from whose lips either a briarwood or a meerschaum protrudes. In many of the best London clubs pipe-smoking is permitted. If any such performance were attempted here, at either the Union, Knickerbocker, Calumet, University or Metropolitan Clubs, the member thus presumptuous would soon receive a sharp admonition. Indeed, not very long ago two Englishmen, visitors at one of the above clubs, took out their pipes and made the corner in which they sat both nebulous and odorous with their Killikinnick or Sweet Caporal, or whatever brand it may have been. They did not repeat the offense, and their "proposer" soon found himself somewhat awkwardly placed as an apologist for their bohemian behavior. If they had really belonged to the club instead of being transient recipients of its hospitality, they would probably have been punished with suspension.

A quarter of a century ago there was scarcely a young man of my acquaintance who had not his meerschaum which he fondly cherished and over the "coloring" of which he spent many an affectionate hour. Now all this is changed, and the cigarette, with our rising generation, has replaced the meerschaum. In England the cigarette and the briarwood, or the more expensive and sometimes even costly cherrywood, reign supreme. Cigars are unpopular in London, even among the most fashionable circles. Morris's cigarettes, ranging from three to as much as fifteen cents apiece, are the delight of the Piccadilly and Pall Mall and St. James's Street swells. Cigars in London are high-priced even when inferior; and they are generally not only inferior but execrable. At evening reunions of men in London you are seldom offered tobacco in any other form than that of the cigarette. I once gave an entertainment to about twenty men in my London lodgings, and one of my friends (a charming elderly man, of great refinement and culture) brought his pipe with him and asked permission to smoke it. Englishmen, unless I err, smoke a pipe more gracefully than do most Americans. Expectoration is unknown with them, and the smoke curls from the bowl in lazier and more leisureful spirals.

Mr. Henry James once said to me, "England is a man's country," meaning that *place aux dames* was there a neglected and even despised motto. One feels

the truth of this in observing how the smoker may puff his cloud among the ladies' departments of all the most select restaurants. For example, at the Savoy Hotel and the Hotel Bristol, which correspond to our Delmonico's and Waldorf, unrestrained smoking is allowed. The Englishwoman of fashion often smokes cigarettes herself, though never in public; but Englishwomen of all classes are nowadays most complaisant in the matter of breathing smoke-charged atmospheres. Very probably compulsion has a great deal to do with their amiability. Say of him what you will, the Englishman is not a gallant husband, father, brother, or even son. He rules in all grades of society. Though "the new woman" is a great deal written of and talked of in England, she still has achieved, I should judge, no active sway. The London "season" is an instance of her tributary, dependent and conciliatory state. May, June and July are enchanting months in almost every part of that remarkable little island. For all past wintry rigors and inclemencies ample atonement is made by the luminous skies and the lovely blossoming and the leafy luxuriance of spring and early summer. And yet just during these months—the only months when there chances to be "no shooting," and, in a general sense, "nothing to kill"—does the almighty Englishman decree that his wife and daughters shall go "up to London" for the crush and whirl of receptions, dances and dinners. It is sometimes excessively hot in drawing-rooms at these times, and modish gatherings reveal a collection of perspiring participants. But game laws "down in the country" are sternly operative, and so the British gentleman condescends to be social in town. Perhaps, in many cases, he would not agree to come at all if he could not bring his pipe along with him. And this he is very apt to do, and to smoke it in places where it would seem oddly *malapropos*. For surely, in a "tobacco-maniac" sense, the Englishman rushes in where the American fears to tread! EDGAR FAWCETT.

SOME WAYS OF THE WIND.

THAT the wind bloweth as it listeth, nobody who has lived in the region of cyclones will for a minute think of denying. It would take a volume to chronicle even a small part of its freaks. To barely name the pranks it plays is almost to exceed human credibility. As, for instance, to tell of one roaring gust which struck diagonally against the corner of a strongly framed wooden structure, and sliced it off as though with a giant sword. Indeed the tornado may well be named the sword of the prince of the powers of the air. Sometimes, though, it is more like a Titanic flail, beating and threshing whatever falls in its power. Again it is literally a besom of destruction, sweeping all before it in a wild litter of ruin.

Tradition tells still how pioneers in the region that is now Kentucky and Tennessee found there long swaths of matted forest tangle, in which shrubs and young trees were springing rankly amid prostrate trunks, tossed hither and yon at all angles. To these winding and erratic tracts they gave the generic name of "the hurricane," in the vernacular, "harrycane." A story still current among their descendants relates how an Irishman upon first seeing the tossed and writhen trunks inquired the wherefore of them, and was told: "Oh, that's some of old harrycane's work."

"Faith," quoth the bewildered son of Erin, "I knowed Jimmy Cane in Ireland—a good man he is, too,—but no sech strongman as that, to be pullin' down trees an' the loikes av thim."

Log houses, of course, were plenty in the first settlement of the land. Cases are upon record where they have been lifted from their foundations, moved bodily more than a quarter of a mile, and set down with corners as true and plumb as when first log was laid on log. Yet other log structures have been scattered as wildly as by the explosion of a bomb—in many cases the timbers shivered almost into kindling wood. Sometimes brick chimneys were ground to powder, and the seat of them left as yawning holes in the ground, when maybe a pigeon-house or chicken-coop not fifty yards away would be apparently undisturbed.

Sometimes the storm's path is serpentine; at others it goes straight over the face of earth, but rises and falls in air. In the track of one of these rebounding or ricocheting tempests you will see trees, houses, everything leveled flat on earth at one spot, and a mile away trees twisted off breast high, buildings wrecked only as to roofs and upper stories, and then possibly a little way beyond the very grass blown from its roots.

The lightning is no less capricious. It strikes sometimes in open ground less than twenty yards from a tall tree or barn. This writer once saw a bolt tear a yawning furrow in fresh-plowed earth at less than a hundred feet from the edge of tall timber. It came with a blinding blue-white flare which lighted up a sky nearly as dark as midnight, though it was ten o'clock in the day. There was a tremendous hail falling—stones as big as hen eggs—and in the spectral brilliance they grew diamonds and pearls. The storm had broken so swiftly it was impossible to reach shelter. First there gathered in the southwest a faint copper haze, much like the reflection of distant fire upon the low clouds above it. The morning had been humid and abnormally hot for the season—late March. What wind there was blew straight out of the south when it blew it all. Between puffs there was a sort of stifling calm; even in the open you seemed to be breathing cotton, or thistle down. The air had, too, a faint, indescribable odor, neither sulphurous nor fetid, but more depressing than either.

As the copper mist thickened and took on a black-green hue the odor strengthened, then suddenly vanished. A sharp flaw of wind came sailing out of the southwest. It lasted perhaps a half-minute; then as suddenly, all was dead calm—calm in which you could breathe, but ere you rejoiced in it the wind came again. This time the cloud was with it—the raging cloud, whirling, swirling, lashing the face of earth. It was veined with lightning and seemed to hang in the tree-tops. They bent and crashed before it; then with a leaping, swooping roar it fell upon the open. So far not a drop of rain had fallen. The wind bore a cloud of twisted boughs, dead leaves, dead sticks and fence rails,

torn from the boundary. Then came a tremendous bolt which shivered to tiny splinters a tall poplar. Before the thunder had half died, the windows of heaven had opened to let fall a deluge of huge drops warm to the touch. They seemed to strain the wind clear of its flotsam—leaves, boughs, sticks, fell to earth. Another bolt of lightning, and the rain grew ice-cold, changing almost instantly to huge hailstones. As they fell, the wind-fury slackened. It had been tearing, rending, sweeping all before it. The observer of it all had been caught and whirled along some little way from the ground; now she found her feet, and managed to keep them, staggering before the wind, and bending almost double.

Just in front of her, several plantations came together, making a clear sweep of perhaps two miles, which led down to a narrow creek valley. Over and across this the tornado swept, so swiftly, so mightily, you could scarce believe your sight. Not a fence was left, except upon a small rise where perhaps a hundred panels stood undisturbed. The hail-cloud was not, at the outside, more than three minutes in passing over, yet it left the earth at least four inches deep with the great stones, which had fallen with such force many of them had buried themselves twice or thrice their own diameter.

At the edge of the valley the cloud seemed to lift—the greenish copper cloud, that is—and whirl away in the sky. It was heard of again upon the other side of the county, where it had gathered force and wrath, and wrecked several houses, killing one of the indwellers. But there no hail fell, nor was there the heavy washing rain which poured for an hour after the hailstorm was past. Throughout the storm's passage along the open fields there was incessant play of lightning—sharp, vivid, terrifying; yet it must have been from cloud to cloud, since nothing was struck, after the bolt furrowed the earth.

An experience still more unique was a side view of an aerial cyclone. The full moon stood an hour high in the east; the west was piled high with shifting clouds. Sitting where one commanded a wide, clear scope, it was possible to see the eddying masses swiftly gather themselves about a central core, and toss and sweep hither and yon, now rising, now falling, yet ever growing more alive with lightning flares. The cloudiness spread only to the zenith—thus the moonrays streamed full upon all their turmoil. A fairyland in silver they wrought from it—silver that was veined and underlaid with golden fire. Liquid fire it seemed, now running here, now there, and ever growing more lurid. For possibly five minutes the elemental dance went on; then with a roar like that of a wild beast fed of leash, a wind from none knew where caught the cloud-dancers, heeled them before it, and swept them out of vision, the roar growing faint and fainter, until the night had silenced it. We watchers sat undisturbed in the moonshine, spellbound by the sight. Yet soon a stealing chill made us aware that we were not wholly to escape the storm's effect. It was June—the thermometer at noon had marked ninety—but that night it fell to within ten degrees of frost. And a week later we read of havoc wrought upon that same night by a tornado which had struck in a county some forty miles to northwestward of us, and were sure we had watched the birth of the same storm.

A MODERN ST. MARTIN.

The recent death in Washington of Admiral Stevens, known in his day as "Fighting Tom Stevens," recalls many instances of his innate kindness of heart, among which is the following, which is vouched for by a contemporary. Admiral Stevens always wore a dark-blue navy cape in cool weather, which was as well known to Washingtonians as Napoleon's gray campaigning overcoat was to his guards. The history of the old Admiral's cape is characteristic of the man. Walking home from his club on the evening of a bitterly cold day during the past winter, he met the son of an old friend, an army officer, who had gone South in the Civil War. The son was out of employment, almost destitute, very thin and poorly clad, and shivering from cold and hunger. The Admiral stopped him and said: "My boy, I'm a poor man myself. I've only got a dollar and seventy-five cents in my pocket, but here it is. You are welcome to it, and as you are colder than I am, take this cape, wear and keep it. Your father was my friend," and then with a hurried "God bless you!" the tender-hearted old man left the recipient of his generosity rooted to the spot, dumb with gratitude, and walked home in the cold. The Admiral's family very soon missed the historic cloak, which he had been wearing for at least twenty years, and wondered what had become of it; but, knowing how modest and sensitive he was about being questioned about the many things he "did by stealth and blushed to find it fame," they forbore, but it all came out not long before his death. He had given it away to the son of his old friend, whose name, if given, would be recognized as one of the most accomplished officers of the old army; and afterward one of the distinguished ones in the Confederate Army. Truly may it be said:

"Only the ashes of the Just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

AN UNSOLDIERLY POSE.

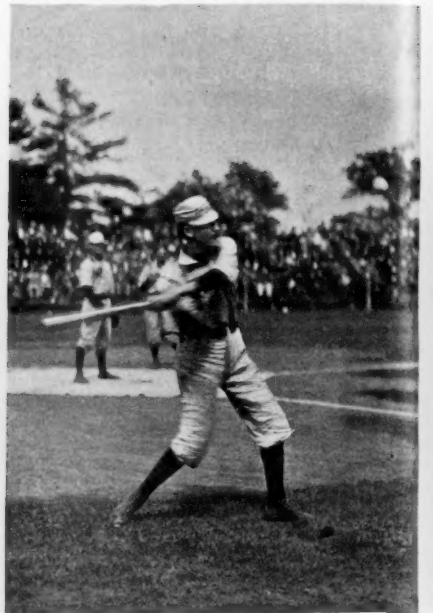
When the equestrian statue of Emperor William I. of Germany was unveiled recently by his grandson, William II., at Frankfurt, on the anniversary of the treaty of peace with France, a grave defect in the statue was overlooked. But it has been noticed lately, and, perhaps, some modification will be ordered to be made by the sculptor. It appears that the old Emperor does not hold the reins of his horse according to the regulation of the German cavalry.

AN EMPEROR ON UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

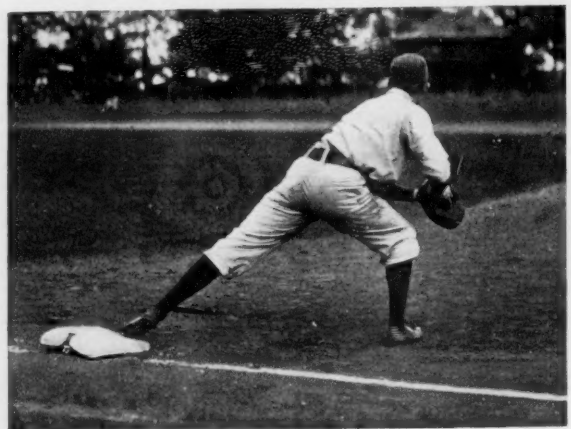
The Emperor of Austria has declared himself positively as opposed to universal suffrage. In conversation at the recent Austrian delegation dinner, referring to the new electoral reform law, he is reported to have said: "I know well enough that the newly created electors will not be satisfied, but universal suffrage has been a failure in all countries where the system has been introduced. It does not suit Austria."



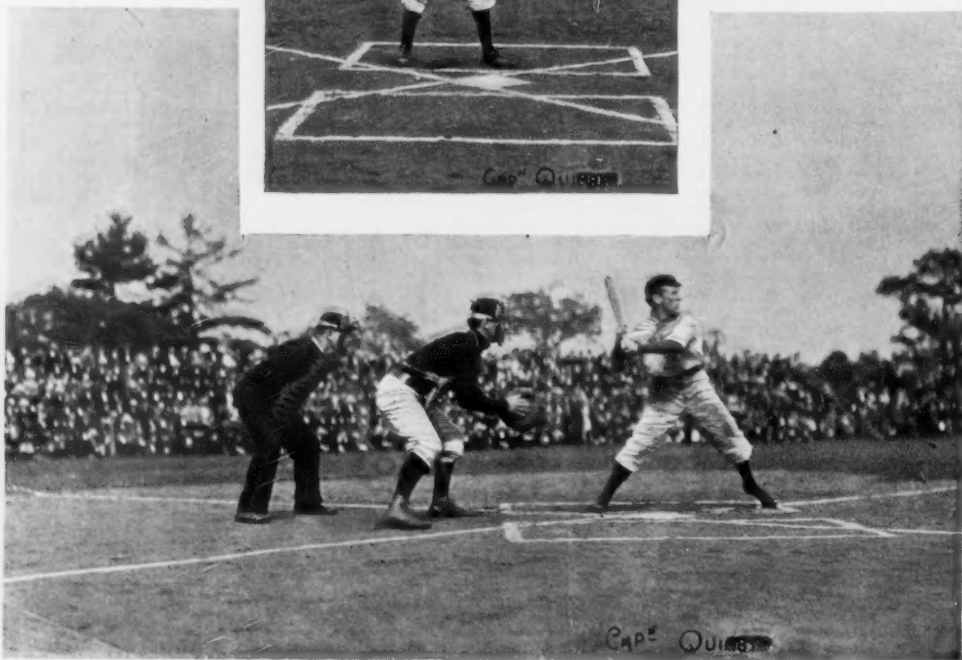
YALE FIELD



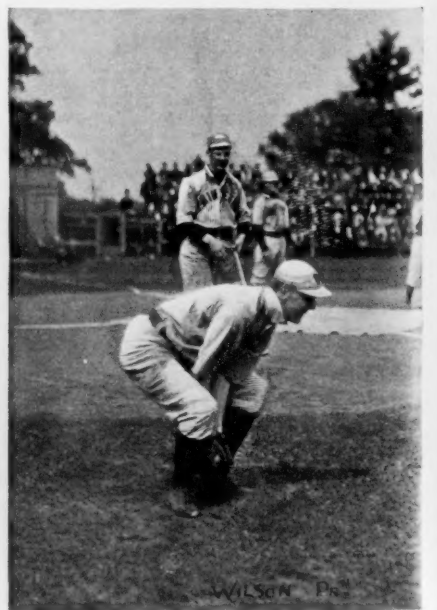
JAY PRTH



CAPTH QUINN



CAPTH QUINN



WILSON PRTH



OUR NOTE BOOK

"There are honest men everywhere, even in prison," said Richépin in a recent novel. "And," he added, "I suppose there are some in journalism." He was speaking of France. Journalism over there is in a pretty bad way. A writer's pen is openly for sale. When anything pleasant is said in a newspaper, when a play or a book or a restaurant or an individual is mentioned in some way or another, that mention has been bought and usually spot cash. When anything abusive is said you might inter that it was due to spite, and so it is; but it is spite superinduced by the refusal of a publisher, or of a manager, or of a mere individual to be blackmailed. Instances of a similar nature are not unknown in American journalism, but they are sporadic and rare. The reporters connected with our leading papers are sometimes very fierce, often highly vindictive and invariably quite young. But as a rule they are entirely honest. When they cease to be their usefulness ceases, too. In the higher walks of newspaperdom there is not only absolute honesty, but there is courtesy, good breeding and erudition as well. In France a journalist may sometimes be an author, but an author is always a journalist—when he gets the chance. In France authorship is a means to journalism; here it is used to be just the other way. Now all of a sudden the old order changes. Authors are making a bolt for journalism. Men who were content to view life from an armchair, hunt for it now where realism is. If it improves the quality of our fiction, *tant mieux*, it certainly can't do it any harm.

Apart from the novelty of writing solid facts instead of striped lies, the author who becomes a journalist enjoys other surprises. He finds himself calling a page a stick, he finds that to-day is spelled yesterday, that padding is cut, that titles for his tales he need not bother to provide, that his royalties are paid every week instead of every three months, that life after all is but a play, that instead of inventing he has but to transcribe, that everybody hurries him, and that at last his work has its deserts and lives but a day. In addition, if he likes, if it pleases him, if he is young enough and sufficiently imaginative, he can enjoy the delightful delusion of fancying himself a Public Man, a boon to his chief, a necessity to his fellow-citizen and an *Aperient* of the Breakfast-Table. What more can an author want? The earth?

The closing of the Brunswick is the opening of memories. During its day, which was tolerably long, it was to Europeans what the Brevoort House used to be—the one decent hotel in New York. It was there Garmoyle, whom we used to call Gumboil, stopped when he came here to win Miss Grant. He was a not altogether beautiful specimen of manhood, and being the son of the Earl of Cairns, was rather inclined to put on airs. Young Englishmen of old stock are as a rule very modest. The earldom of Cairns was a brand-new creation, a fact which explained the airs of the heir. The winning of Miss Grant was only temporary. Garmoyle went back the bachelor that he came, and she subsequently met and married a lord who was more to her taste. New York was full of pretty girls at that time, but she was easily first, *faute prince pessa* as one may say. She was not alone pretty, she had a grace which was unique and her own. Among the others was Miss Jenny Chamberlain, a girl with the face of a Psyche and the air of a court coquette. She never was here more than a minute or two at a time; it was from Cleveland she originally came, but the neighborhood of Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace pleased her best. She was a great favorite, and still is over there where she married a man of position, and what is more, of brains. Then there was her arch-rival, Miss Winslow, who also preferred the other side. Miss Chamberlain was launched by the Prince of Wales, and he had rather a fancy for Miss Winslow, too; but it was his brother, Prince Leopold, who did the launching for her, and since his death she has been less in sight. Then there was Florence Baldwin, who was not only pretty and graceful, but witty besides. After her marriage to Deacon she was the only American woman received in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. It is to be regretted that the choice was so unfortunate. Then there was Miss Smith of New Orleans, a girl with beauty and aristocracy written all over her, who subsequently became Mrs. Colgate, and only the other day was surprising London with her increasing charm. Then there were the three Misses Smith of Mobile, the third in the nursery still, of whom the first married Mr. William K. Vanderbilt, the second Mr. Fernando—*Onio Fernando*—Isnaga, while the little one, Mini, grew up at last into the Baroness de Fontainillat and subsided from view. It was about that time that Miss Leila Vanderbilt was emerging, and the question was going around in society, Shall We receive the Vanderbilts?—a question which the latter soon altered into, Will the Vanderbilts receive us? There was many a heartburn superinduced by the fancy ball they gave, at which not a few of those who had put the question got their answer straight. Stopping at the Brunswick at that time was the Duc de Morny. He was bidden and went, a triumph of tailor and milliner, too. He was a rather good-looking chap, with the face of a girl a trifle depraved. He had come here as the result of one of those tragedies which happen in Paris, sometimes at Vienna, rarely anywhere else, and it was anticipated that he would take back an American bride. He was a rapid young man, but he never drank, went to bed early and took the best possible care of his looks. Apart from his title, that was about all he had; but he knew it was enough, he knew that girls love a title, and with reason, for a Duke makes a Duchess, while a man of intellect can't share his brains with a fool. At the time there was no heiress of sufficient dimensions here, and so he went back and subsequently married the daughter of that bandit, Guzman Blanco, ex-Dictator of Venezuela. At the wedding it was pleasant to see De Morny's sister

remember that she was Marquise de Belboeuf, and not Prince d'Icy, as she calls herself when dressing and acting like a man. But if they are all a bad lot they come by it naturally. De Morny's father was one of the great *cicero*s of the Third Empire, and who the latter's father was we may surmise yet never know. It was in those days, too, that the Duke of Newcastle paid his first visit here, and put up at the Brunswick as well. It was at the Brevoort his father stopped when he came here with the Prince of Wales. Max Maretick—it is so long ago that if I have spelled his name wrong he will forgive me—was running the opera here then. He went to the Prince and asked what he would care to hear. The Prince had no preferences. "What shall we have?" he asked his companion.

The Duke looked up, and then visibly retreated into the past. There was something on the tip of his tongue, but there it lodged.

"What was the name of that girl you were in love with at Oxford?" he asked the Prince.

"There were so many that really—"

"I mean that frowsy thing who took such a dislike to me," the Duke interrupted.

"Oh," said the Prince, "oh, yes, Martha, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Martha. Let's have 'Martha.'"

And "Martha" they had.

But that is a digression. The present Duke came to the Brunswick about the time De Morny did, and within the last few years returned there twice. Meanwhile, having married, and in addition being very shy, he went about but little. His wife was a Miss Candy, an English girl whom you would take for a romp but never for a Peeress, and who in consequence is a belle wherever she goes. On his second visit there came also his brother, Lord Francis Hope, a handsome young man, frankly Bohemian, who through his grandmother was far wealthier than the Duke. Recently he went to smash, and not through prodigal living, but through trying to run a newspaper without knowing how. While at the Brunswick he met May Yohe, induced her to go abroad, got her a theatrical position, gave her the famous Hope sapphires and made her his wife. As the Duke is childless and in poor health, this little girl will be the fourth of England's American Duchesses unless, as is more than likely, the young Duke of Manchester runs over here and marries before she gets the chance.

Another and still more recent guest at the Brunswick was the grandson of the last King of Poland, Prince André Pomotowski. Of all the foreigners, good, bad and indifferent, who have come here he is the best, and whether it be through inherited and Slavic suppleness, or a mere natural gift of his own, or both, in any event every one with whom he came in contact he charmed on sight. The reporters who did not know him, who never saw him even, fancied he had come heiress-hunting, and when his engagement to Miss Sperry of California was announced it was delightful to note the liberality with which they dowered her. According to their accounts you were uncertain whether she had ten millions or only two. As a matter of fact she had a few thousand dollars a year; but she was a handsome girl with splendid eyes, with a drop, it was rumored, of Indian blood in her veins, which perhaps gave them their glow. It was those eyes that he married, not the dower, for there wasn't any at all.

It may be of interest to add that among the pretty girls whom I mentioned was one whose beauty was absolutely startling. This was Miss Maud Ely-Goddard. At the time when Miss Grant was engaged to Garmoyle, she married Prince Pomotowski's brother, lived for a while in Paris and then went to Mexico where they have a hacienda now. They also stopped at the Brunswick. But to tell of every one who stopped there would require not a column but a catalogue. The other day the Brunswick closed, the records of the Waldorf have begun. *L'hôtel est mort, vive l'hôtel.*

You may have noticed last week the reply which Zola made against the charge of plagiarism. In that case you noticed also the virulence of his anger, his contempt for his accuser, how he took him up on the point of his pen and then dropped him into oblivion. It was a fine piece of work, but the anger was affected, the contempt assumed; it was an advertisement, pure fiction at that. And it is by the exercise of just such guile that Zola has made himself what he is, one of the notables of the century.

Speaking of fiction, there has been recently published a revised edition of the fathers of romance. They had their progenitors, of course. There is nothing new under the sun. Throughout the length and breadth of the Orient, among the Arabs, Egyptians and Syrians, too, as far back as you can look, there were always fabulists in plenty. But it was not in Spain, as many contend, nor yet in Provence—*Provincia Romanorum*—that Romance had its birth. Its origin was earlier and elsewhere. It began among the Greeks of Asia Minor. The tales they wrote are known as Milesian. There isn't one left to-day. Subsequently in Greece, and afterward in Rome, there were a number of what we call prominent authors; there was Antonius Diogenes, who wrote "The Incredible Things in Thule"; there was Iamblicus, who wrote "Babylonia," and not in three volumes, either, but in sixteen, as the fashion was then. And there were others: Petronius, for instance, and Lucian as well. But somehow none of these had the knack of story-telling. It was not until the third and fourth century that the literary world found out what novels are. The fathers were Heliodorus, Longus and Tatius. Heliodorus and Tatius were both bishops, and their tales—"The Adventures of Theagenes and Chariclea," and "The Loves of Clitopho and Leucippe"—are in the nature of episcopate relaxations, alert, unpepulant and strewn with kisses. But it is the story of Daphnis and Chloe which Longus wrote, to which the origin of modern fiction may be traced. It was not only the model of the *Astrea* of D'Urfé and the *Diana* of Montemayor, you will find it retold by Marmontel in his "Annette et Lubin."

The days in which Longus wrote were still quite pagan; ink had not acquired the ability to blush, the pen was bold and passing free. As a consequence Daphnis and Chloe, if true to life, are true to a life other than ours. But if you wish to meet them in modern dress, if you would like to see them not in

translation but reincarnated and revived by the transmutations of ages, you have only to read "Paul and Virginia" by Bernardin de St. Pierre.

EDGAR SALTUS.

ECHOES OF THE OLD WORLD.

TEMPUS FUGIT. The London season is fast drawing to a close. The last Drawing-room is over, at which the Princess of Wales represented the Queen; but Buckingham Palace is never so much thronged as when the sovereign is present in person. The Prince of Wales will hold the last Levée of the season on the 6th of July. The royal wedding of Princess Maud of Wales and Prince Carl of Denmark is postponed for a week. Gossip is busy as usual; needlessly so. The Prince has returned to Denmark for the moment.

The popular fete which should have taken place on the day the Czar and Czarina made their solemn entry into St. Petersburg was suppressed by the order of Emperor Nicholas II. He is suffering from jaundice; this, added to his naturally delicate constitution, gives a feeling of uneasiness. His brother, the Czarewitch, is still lingering on, though all hope of his permanent cure has long since been abandoned. He is dying of consumption.

The whole of Southern Europe, from the rock of Gibraltar to the Golden Horn, is in a state of ferment; in fact, both sides of the Mediterranean may witness a conflagration at any moment. Africa is the land in view. Not alone England, but Germany, Italy and Belgium, besides France, have colonies more or less extensive in this land of mystery. On account of the situation in Crete, Greece is arming, as no faith can be placed in Mussulman promises. Sheffield and Birmingham are supplying armaments and ammunition to the tune of several millions sterling. News from Tangiers, Morocco, announces that the army of the Cherif has penetrated into the Kasbah and massacred the family of the former Governor, and committed robberies estimated at the amount of thirty thousand dollars.

The death of Louis Charles Philippe Raphael d'Orleans, Duc de Nemours, second son of King Louis Philippe of France, removes a notable member of French royalty. He was born in Paris October 25, 1814, and died at Versailles June 25 last. He might have worn the crown of Belgium in 1831, and later on the crown of Greece; his father refused on both occasions. So he lived and died in retirement. The recent meeting between the Empress Eugénie, Duc d'Aumale, Duc d'Orleans and others at Palermo, Sicily, has been the occasion of much speculation. The two parties, Bonapartist and Royalist, are supposed to be inclined to fuse their forces for the mutual benefit of themselves and La Belle France. We shall see the result. The marriage of the Princess Marguerite d'Orleans, daughter of the Duc de Chartres, to Patrice de MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, is a sign of the times, as MacMahon, like his father, the renowned Marshal, is a staunch Bonapartist. Prince Henri d'Orleans, son of the Duc de Chartres, has returned from his travels in the far East and given his impressions in *La Revue de Paris*, under the title of "L'Âme du Voyageur." His description of a sunset on the shore of Lake Alaotra in Madagascar is worth reading. He considers it the finest he has ever seen—in fact unequalled—and goes on to describe the varying hues, from deepest violet to pale green, with a mirage so perfect that the lake and its surrounding shores seem transferred from this earth of ours to the skies. Of Aden on the Suez Canal he says: "During my sojourn at Aden I found the East and the West, the despairing philosophy of the Mussulman and the onward march of the Anglo-Saxon race." Now if they must have a King or Emperor in France, all we can say is, may the best man win. The American colony in Paris is just now occupied talking over the engagement of Miss Louisa Patterson Bonaparte of Baltimore and Count Adam de Molke-Hofffeldt, son of the Danish Minister in Paris, and himself attaché of the Danish Legation at St. Petersburg. The family is one of the oldest of the Danish nobility. Of course the pay of an attaché is something wretchedly small and insignificant in American eyes, but there is always a chance of speedy promotion with all the possibilities thereunto belonging. An attaché in the Old World is required to be almost a walking encyclopedia of knowledge. He must speak and write five languages along with his own. The examination is one of the stiffest, the pay about five hundred dollars per annum to begin with. But he has the entrée into the very highest circles and the uniform is lovely. And what more can any one desire?

Spain is almost in a state of bankruptcy over the Cuban war. And since the Rothschilds have intimated how far they will go, and no further, it is only a question of how long the Spanish Exchequer can afford to be dispatching armaments and troops to the Antilles.

The Swiss National Exposition, which was opened at Geneva on the 1st of May, is a tremendous success. More than five hundred thousand persons daily is the average entry to the Exposition. The Palais des Beaux Arts is exceptionally fine. The Swiss village is the great point of attraction, with a view of the Jura and Simplon. One is glad of an excuse to visit the delightful shores of the Lake of Geneva, and the whole fairy-land of the Swiss Republic.

Rouen in Normandy has also its Exposition, and trains are being run direct from Paris. The quaint old cathedral city is now a specially favorite place of pilgrimage. The Joan of Arc celebrations have awakened new interest in the city which witnessed her burning at the stake on Wednesday May 30, 1431.

The Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, Lord Russell of Killowen, who won such forensic fame at the Bar as Sir Charles Russell, has quite put on the air of a "grave and reverend seignior"

since his elevation to the Bench. He succeeded Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, who was occasionally given to napping; and once, waking up suddenly and looking round, he saw, as he thought, a number of young men with their hats on, and thus spake he:

"Usher, why don't you make these young fellows take off their hats?"

"My Lord, them's young ladies," replied the usher.

Silence on the part of his Lordship, who had a wife of his own.

There being nothing very special on, we went to the London County Council one Tuesday lately. Sir Arthur Arnold (brother to Sir Edwin) is chairman of the Parliament in Spring Gardens. Lord Dunraven spoke at this meeting. The London County Council, with a view to the revival of agricultural interests, has taken a farm of 400 acres in Essex, which is to be put in cultivation immediately. Mayor Rasch, M.P., the other day, in the House of Commons, remarked that in former years twenty tenants were looking after one farm to be let; now the case is reversed—there are twenty farms on offer for every one available tenant. The fact is, agriculture no longer pays in England. With the best flour, fruits, prime beef, and other things too numerous to mention, direct from the grand Republic of the United States, at much less cost than they could be raised at home, and of far better quality; eggs from France, also poultry; flowers from the Channel Islands—Jersey, Guernsey, etc.—rabbits and pigeons from Ostend; mutton from New Zealand—in fact, modern Great Britain could not feed itself a day if any catastrophe cut off the supplies from the foreign market.

Time was when to be in trade was looked upon as *infra dig.*; but now, nous avons changé tout cela. All are in trade more or less. We are becoming more and more American in our notions of wealth and its power, and whereas in former years there were a lot of detriments going about during the London season, younger sons of younger brothers, and others of that ilk, they

the shape of a tent, the sarcophagus raised from the ground. And here the disconsolate widow was to be seen many a time praying and weeping over the husband she loved so well. She is now buried—or, rather, laid, for the sarcophagus is overground—beside him. The idea of the mausoleum was to recall the years they had lived in a tent in the East.

Parliament is still in full session. We went down to the House of Commons one day last week, and, having sent in our cards along with a batch of others, waited in the lobby with a crowd of "foreigners" from all parts of the colonies. Having to endure twenty minutes' delay, we had ample time to admire the very artistic dome and ceiling, stained glass windows and historic frescoes around the walls. But an afternoon visit to the House is a dull, tame affair, when compared to a night view. It is as great a difference as between a matinee and a full-dress evening concert.

We had run the gauntlet of the tall policemen at the entrance, who were quite satisfied with our credentials. Mercury in livery returned from the legislative chamber in twenty minutes, and, as usual, he called out the names in a stentorian voice. "Our member" was not in the House at that moment. But soon after the Division Bell rang, and all the legislators were to be seen flocking from all points to be in time to vote, for constituents read the newspapers, and except a man wishes to lose his seat at the next election, or can get another to pair with him, his chance of re-election is almost lost if he is among the absentees. Luckily, the House of Lords was sitting for half an hour, so we got a glimpse of the gilded chamber, and the Lord Chancellor, seated on the wool sack. Tea on the terrace was truly delightful, with the Thames beneath our feet, St. Thomas's Hospital, Lambeth Palace, and all the other points of interest in Southwark, Surrey on the opposite side, Westminster Bridge just a little way to the left, and the forest of masts representing the port of London away in the distance.

CONSOLATION FOR GENIUS.

The spectacle of the Governor of Idaho hiding behind a group of his friends on the streets of Burke, while an enraged woman, who bears the highly appropriate name of Lasher, directed against him a withering fire of eggs—which, like herself, were suspected to be of uncertain age—should instill new hope into the heart of the aspiring tragedian who contemplates an early appearance in high Shakespearean roles. Governor McConnell had incurred Mrs. Lasher's wrath on account of his having dispatched troops to a mining camp where riots were in progress. The Governor was not hit, and at once left town. He escaped the first assault because his friends got in front of him, and he escaped the second—for which Mrs. Lasher was preparing—because he took the next train. The moral pointed for the aspiring actor is obvious: Let him fill the front seats with his own special clackers, and, after the curtain is rung down upon the first night's performance, hasten to the railroad depot before the audience can reach the street.

AN ARGUMENT THAT CONTRADICTS ITSELF.

It remains a matter for speculation whether Captain Wiborg, the commander of the steamer "Horsa," whose conviction on the charge of having put to sea with a Cuban filibustering expedition—he having a full knowledge of the object of the expedition—was confirmed by a majority of the judges of the United States Supreme Court, will or will not be pardoned by the President. In his petition for a pardon the Captain makes some remarkable statements. He says that had he supposed he was violating the law of the United States, "it would have appeared in evidence." Considering that his conviction was secured upon the evidence, which evidence was reviewed by the United States Supreme Court, and deemed to justify his conviction, the Captain must be a better lawyer than those who wear the judicial robes. And this seems all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that Captain Wiborg bases his claim to immu-

Mrs. Newbold. Miss Kate Wheelock. "American Whist Queen."



Henry Jones
"Cavendish."

M. W. Wallace,
"Whist poet."

B. T. Baker,
an authority.

T. C. Orndorf.

THE WHIST CONGRESS AND TOURNAMENT AT THE ORIENTAL HOTEL, MANHATTAN BEACH.

are now conspicuous by their absence. "No loafers" is the onward motto of to-day. Will you believe it, young men are so scarce at afternoon "at homes" and dancing parties that only six turned up at a great house lately, and the girls had to dance with each other! Low be this spoke, but it's true.

If you want to pay a very select compliment to a belle nowadays the one most in vogue is, "She's a regular Yankee girl." This is the climax, the ne plus ultra of perfection. And to say a young man "is a real go-ahead American" is to endow him with all manly virtues.

Never did Henley-on-the-Thames in Oxfordshire witness such a cosmopolitan gathering as those now assembled in houseboats, villas and every available spot within reach of the historic spot. Yale to the fore. Amsterdam in Holland, Berlin, Paris, Oxford and Cambridge, with each and all their backers and admirers. Americans, Dutchmen, Germans, French and British crews, all bent on doughty deeds of valor.

Henley is delightfully situated at the foot of the Chiltern Hills. The stone bridge is very fine which spans the Thames at this point. The Gothic church possesses a very fine tower, attributed to the munificence of Cardinal Wolsey, whose palace at Hampton Court is lower down the river nearer to London. You remember the diplomatic Cardinal presented this noble residence to his royal master, Henry VIII. It is now a royal almshouse, for titled widows. The appointment of its inmates rests with the Queen. Anna Boleyn and Jane Seymour, the second and fourth wives of Henry, are, according to popular belief, frequently to be seen after nightfall in the corridors. Very few London lady's maids can be induced to take a situation in the old palace.

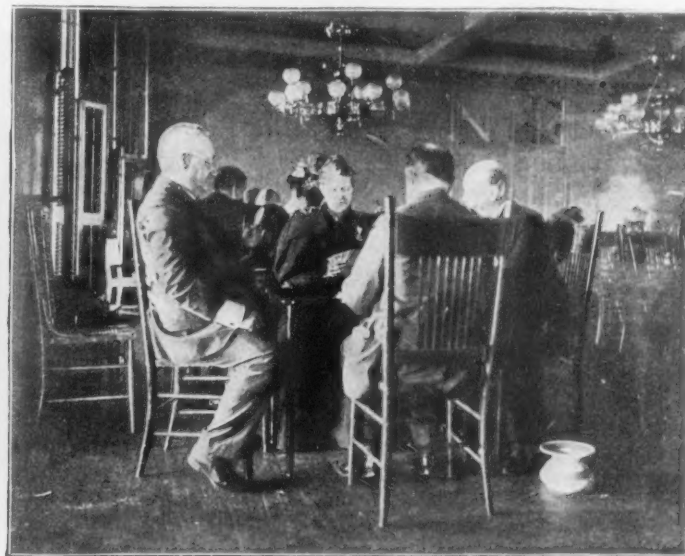
Richmond, Kew Gardens and Mortlake are great resorts for the average Londoner on a Sunday. Lady Burton's death removes a well-known resident of Mortlake. Her husband Sir Richard's tomb is unique of its kind in England; it is a snow-white marble canopy in

The Prince and Princess of Wales's visit to the principality from which they take their title was a great success. The Prince was made Chancellor of the new Welsh University of Aberystwith, the Princess Doctor of Music, and the Grand Old Man, W. E. Gladstone, an LL.D. (Doctor of Laws). His home at Hawarden, Chester on the Dee, is, as you know, in Wales. There are some lovely spots in this little country. Llandudno, pounded on one side by the Great Orme's Head, and on the other the Little Orme's Head, with the Irish Sea rolling in between. St. Beuno's College, near St. Asaph, is a beautiful structure; the view from the terrace was considered by the late Cardinal Wiseman the finest in Europe.

It was a memorable meeting between Li Hung Chang, the Chinese Chancellor, and Prince Bismarck at the latter's home, Frederickrube. They professed mutual respect and admiration for each other. Bismarck congratulating his Chinese Excellency on his admirable powers of helping to govern China. To which Li Hung Chang replied that he was only aiding one country while the Prince proved himself capable of governing the world. What a neat little compliment from the gallant Celestial!

The French Government has shown its appreciation of American genius by the purchase of Mr. Julian Story's picture, exhibited this year in the Salon of the Champs Elysees, Paris.

The Duke of Norfolk was the principal mover in the recent visit of the British blue-jackets of the Mediterranean squadron to the Vatican. The Duke's brother-in-law, Lord Walter Kerr, is an Admiral of the Fleet, and as the Pope is so anxious for the union of Christendom, meaning the Greeks and Copts in Egypt, it was a diplomatic stroke to bring four hundred picked men of the service before him. Mgr. Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizonde, who resides in Rome, lent his aid to bring about the result. The Duke is an Imperialist to the marrow of his bones. The integrity of the Empire is his motto. He is a member of the present Cabinet as Postmaster-General, as you know, and a firm adherent of Lord Salisbury.



CHARACTERISTIC GROUP AT ONE OF THE TABLES.

nity largely upon the fact that he is a foreigner. He "thinks it hard that a foreigner, who had all his life followed the sea, should be punished because he had, through ignorance and without intention, done an act declared by the Supreme Court to be a violation of the law." And yet he had previously asserted that, had he done wrong, it would have so appeared. Subsequently he virtually admits that he did an unlawful act, and offers a plea in extenuation! Possibly the Captain is what they call "a sea lawyer"? If so, his argument ought to hold water rather better than it apparently does. However, let justice be done, though the heavens fall. Has the highest judicial tribunal in the land failed to render it unto him?

MAY BE ALL CHAFF.

In recent years we have heard much about attempts to elevate the stage, but it is something at least comparatively new to hear of efforts to elevate the judicial bench. From a headline in a metropolitan daily, however, it seems that the Reform Recorder of New York is engaged in just such an effort. He has quashed the ruling of a perverse City Magistrate who had wrongfully inflicted a fine. It may have gone against the grain of a Reform Recorder to thus reprove a Reform Magistrate, but when, as the headline tells us, "Goff Reverses Brann," the result must necessarily follow—Brann will pour through the elevator, even though his tendency may be downward.

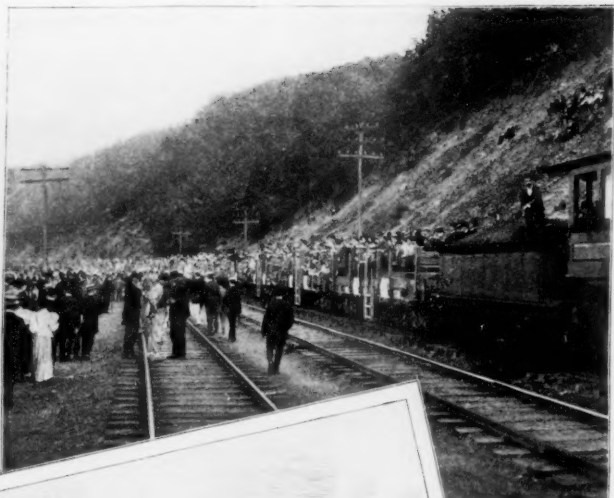
A QUESTION IN ORNITHOLOGY.

The reported engagement of a great American heiress has caused the publication of a list of former suitors for her hand. Among these we discover the name of a certain "impecunious prince of the blue-blooded Borghese family of Rome." These Borghese are clearly not of that variety which lays golden eggs. Yet in their own country they may be swans.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cents a bottle.



CORNELL THE VICTORIOUS CREW



THE OBSERVATION TRAIN



YOUTHFUL PARADE



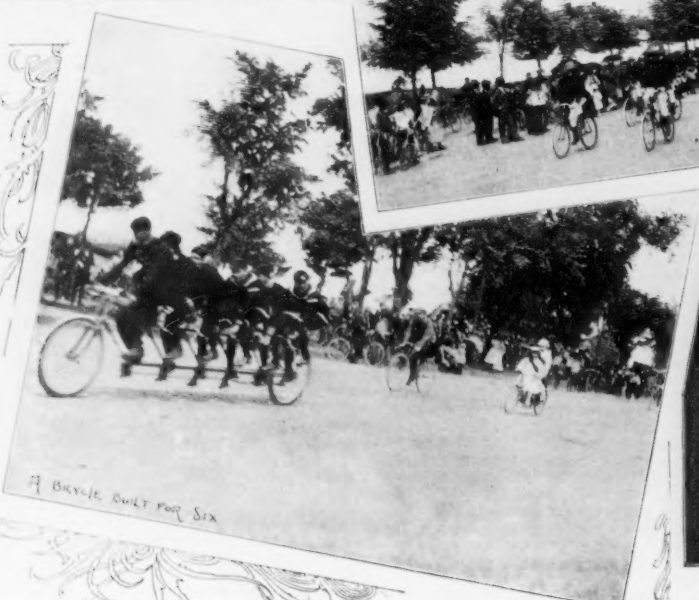
THE CROWD AT THE ARCH



ON THE RETURN PATH



MILITARY CYCLISTS



A BICYCLE BUILT FOR SIX



SPORTS AWHEEL AND AFLOAT.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE.—THE OPENING OF THE RETURN BICYCLE PATH, BROOKLYN.

MISFORTUNATE FORTUNES.

That the impossible is often the real is proved over and over again in the records of a single week. However reason and common sense may disclaim all belief in luck, or in any sort of fatalism, the fact remains indisputable that certain things, people and sequences of events appear to be under a shadow of doom. How else shall one account for these two stories—one lately chronicled in the public prints, the other coming within the knowledge of this scribe?

About 1825 a young machinist, Elwell by name, came from Scotland to the United States, and soon had turned his knowledge to such account that he was a large landowner in more than one State. Milling and mill machinery were his specialty. Naturally he looked about him to secure the finest water-powers and mill-seats. Thus it happened that he died, seized and possessed of a great tract in the very heart of what is now the milling city of Minneapolis.

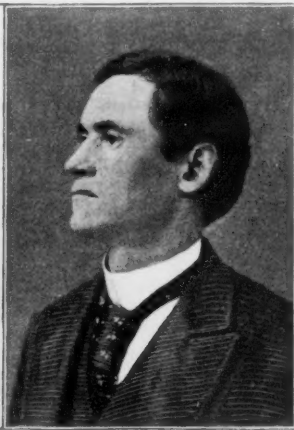
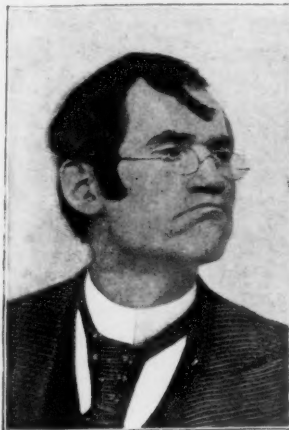
His death was very sudden; and his only child, a son twelve years old, was many miles away from him, so knew nothing of his father's claim to land about the Falls of St. Anthony. After the son was a man grown he learned accidentally of his inheritance, and upon investigation found that deeds to it were in possession of relatives who refused to produce them unless he would agree to divide with them. He refused angrily, and was on the point of beginning legal proceedings when he was drafted, sent to the front—and killed in almost his first battle. His widow attempted to go on with the suit for the property, but found the men in possession had too much money for her. They found it easier to "discourage" her attorneys than to settle her claim. So matters drifted until 1884, when she managed to interest General B. F. Butler in her behalf—to such purpose that the other side offered to give her a quarter of a million for a quit-claim deed. This, by advice of her counselor, she rejected. General Butler had been forced by ill-health to give up the case, but had put it in the hands of one he knew to be trustworthy. It was this person who advised against compromise, promising soon to have the whole property in hand. Doubtless the promise would have been kept had not its maker died soon afterward.



TYPICAL IRISH COTTAGE.

Discouraged Mrs. Elwell let the matter rest; but latterly her son has sent out a brand-new attorney, who is of opinion that he can recover a fortune for his client, in spite of the fact that the original deeds were never surrendered by the covetous relatives, all of whom are now dead. In the interests of justice let us hope he is not mistaken—and that the case may not prove his death warrant as it appears to have done to others.

Therein it recalls strikingly another land case, whose beginning is almost as remote. Along in the early forties a trader who had ventured into Texas put some of his money into unlocated land certificates. These he left in the hands of a Texan, to be located and duly patented. Both were easy-going men; when the war came a good many years later, the business was still hanging fire. Military operations made communication impossible for some years then. About 1870, heirs of the trader learned that the man who held the certificates had shot himself some little time before. Application to his executors was vain; then an attorney took the matter in hand, secured a re-issue of the certificates, and was on the point of locating and selling them when he was killed in a brawl. His brother-in-law took charge of his business—but within a year he had blown out his brains. Then the brother-in-law's next friend, by a curious train of circumstances, came likewise into the case, and six months later was killed in a railway wreck. The next attorney, after making great promises, declined and fell from law to dry goods—became drummer, and so escaped with his life. But the lawful owner of the land certificates has given up all hope of profit from them. They have been the death of five men so far—hence it is matter of conscience not to ask a sixth to take the risk.



J. W. KELLY, THE "ROLLING-MILL MAN."

PRINCE MOHAMMED ALI,
The New Crown Prince of Persia.MIRZA RIZA KIRMAN,
The Assassin of the Shah.MIRZA ALI ASGHAR KHAN,
The Persian Prime Minister.

THIS PICTURE AND THAT.

Upon these fine summer evenings in the harbor of New York, when the ferryboats, crowded to their decks, are bearing their freight of homeward-bound toilers to the Long Island, Jersey or Staten Island shores, the sinking sun, as it lights up transiently the towers and spires and domes of the fantastic "sky-scrapers" of Manhattan Island, and turns the waters into molten gold, shines frequently upon some of the most pleasing sights the eye can seek. These are the beautifully appointed private yachts—generally steam craft—swiftly passing out to sea. It is easy to imagine the prospect opening to the owners and guests who, attired in natty nautical costume, can be seen in easy-chairs near the stern, or leaning against the polished brass rails along the side. Away from heat and dust and clamor they go, realizing that sense of freedom which shipboard life—all conditions being equally agreeable—alone can give. There is something indescribably exhilarating and rehabilitating about it. The yachts glide seaward, and the spectator's thoughts unconsciously turn to the lot of those who dwell all the year round in the city's seething purlieus, beneath and behind those palaces of commerce that reflect the sun's last rays. Though not an agreeable contrast, it will not lessen the capacity for human sympathy of those who draw it.

THE DEATH OF J. W. KELLY.

The vaudeville stage—which perhaps is as good a term for it as "variety," although apparently a trifle more affected—has suffered a notable loss by the death of John W. Kelly, "the rolling-mill man." He was a genius such as one seldom finds on the stage of a variety theater. The best to be found there usually is poor and tiresome, but Kelly was a shining exception. He was so far above his fellows as to be in a class by himself.

He had a talent for story-telling that amounted to genius, and this, combined with a disposition naturally sprightly and exuberant, rendered his a most engaging personality. His fund of anecdote was apparently inexhaustible, his wit was keen but uniformly good-natured, his humor broad and infectious. Above all he was distinctly original. He had the faculty of taking the most trivial incidents and weaving from them anecdotes that convulsed his hearers with laughter. His friends and admirers—and their name is legion—will sincerely mourn one who has done so much to entertain and amuse them. That his death was untimely is an additional reason for regret. It will be many years before the vaudeville stage will know his equal.

A RECORD IN DANGER.

It is the record as a lively town. Persons familiar with such matters have held for long the classic belief that it belonged to Napoleon, Ark. There, as the story goes, a big steamboat stopped one day and spent twenty minutes by the watch in taking on wood. A passenger who strolled ashore came back just as the plank was about to be drawn in. He was a trifle out of breath, but nothing to speak of. When the boat was again under

way he went up to the captain, asking airily: "Say, cap'n, what's the name of this place?"

When the captain told him, "Napoleon, eh?" he echoed. "Well, it's a right down lively little place. I went out, you know, got a drink, had a fight, got arrested, was tried and paid my fine—and all in twenty minutes! Yes, sir-ee, depend upon it, the town is lively."

If the dispatches are trustworthy, Elizabeth, N. J., is to the full as lively. In a single day, according to the chroniclers, that borough experienced all these sensations. First a shower of hay, from a clear and almost windless sky; not any poverty-stricken straw or two, or ten, either, but a good, profitable fall, cutting the face like hail, obscuring the sight of distant things like furious snow, and plentiful enough to let one stable master gather up three hundred pounds of good feed-stuff from the space of his lot. Of course conjecture ran riot, and theories multiplied, as to how and where so unusual a precipitation originated. The pious regarded it as sort of herbal manna; the scientists talked learnedly of high pressure and low, temperature gradients, and so on, which had produced an unrecorded cyclone, which in turn had seized upon an unchronicled haystack, whisked it to the upper empyrean, and, after a whirl to seaward, brought it back to land; and plain, common-sense folk said it was just a prank of the weather—one of the tricks whereby that tricky Ariel delights to confound the wise. Between authorities so various no rash person can decide. The fall and its origin must remain alike among those matters of faith about which it is idle to dispute.

Next Elizabeth folk learned that two of the townspeople had fallen suddenly upon riches in the most approved style of romance. Relatives across the sea had died, leaving to one man who had not above five



THE TECHNICAL SCHOOLS AT FOXFORD.

hundred dollars a cool quarter of a million. Beside him, the heir to a poor twenty-five thousand was eclipsed as daylight by a lamp. And both were quite put out of court by a mere dog—the most original faithful dog yet put upon record. His master, it appears, got ready to deposit a tidy sum in bank. He laid various checks and bills between the leaves of his bank-book, slid the book in his pocket—or thought he did—and set out for the bank. There he found the precious book conspicuously absent, and at once started back to look for it. But before he had gone ten yards he came face to face with his dog, and there in the creature's mouth was the missing book. It is conjectured that it fell to earth instead of into a pocket, and that the dog seized it and went after its master, wholly by faithful instinct.

SINCERE FLATTERY FOR THE EASY BOSS.

"Mr. McKinney of Ohio," says the *Chicago Dispatch*, "who attended his own funeral services the other day, succeeded in duplicating Mr. Platt's recent experience in St. Louis."

SULPHUROUS, YET STRIKING.

"Millions in this Match" is the startling headline prefixed to a newspaper article upon a forthcoming fashionable marriage. Surely the lucky couple should have money to burn!

He—"So you visited Pompeii?"

She—"Oh, yes."

He—"How did you like it?"

She—"Well, I must say I was awfully disappointed in the place. Of course, it was beautifully located and all that, but it was so dreadfully out of repair."—*Washington Star*.

A WOMAN'S INTUITION.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JACK TEMPLE.
MRS. JACK TEMPLE.
FRANK BURROUGHS.
ELLEN HAMMOND.

SCENE. The drawing-room of Jack Temple's suburban home. The curtains are drawn, and a log fire is crackling on the hearth. The walls, covered with a heavy paper of a dull-red hue, are hung with a number of good etchings, and large photographs by Braun of Botticelli's "Spring"; "La Gioconda," and Velasquez's "L'Infante Marguerite." In a cabinet there are some choice bits of Satsuma, and Japanese carving mellow with age; a lamp with a big yellow shade stands lighted by the open piano, upon which lies the score of "Die Goetterdaemmerung." Altogether, the atmosphere of the room is thoroughly *fin de siècle*. Mrs. Jack Temple, in a pretty pale-yellow tea-gown, sits at a tea-table which is drawn in front of the fire. She is reading Kidd's "Social Evolution." The time is five o'clock of an autumn afternoon.

Enter JACK TEMPLE.

Mrs. Temple (throwing down her book). "There you are, Jack! How very nice! It is so good to get you home at tea-time one afternoon in the week at least. The kettle's almost boiling, and you shall have your cup in a moment. But where's Ellen Hammond? Didn't she come out with you?"

Temple. "Ellen Hammond? True enough. I believe you *did* say she was coming out to spend Sunday, didn't you?"

Mrs. Temple. "Why, of course I did. Where on earth can she be? I wrote her only yesterday that you always took this train on Saturday afternoons, and that I should expect her at the same time."

Temple. "Well, she didn't turn up. If she had been at the station I'd certainly have seen her. But it's blowing a regular gale, and looks like snow, so she probably decided that the elements didn't favor a Sunday out of town."

Mrs. Temple (severely). "Ellen's not that sort of a girl, Jack. When she promises to do a thing she does it, no matter what it is."

Temple (facetiously). "Even if it's to spend the night with suburban friends in bad weather? Well, she really must be a woman of fine conscience and undaunted courage."

Mrs. Temple. "You needn't joke, Jack; she is always punctual and accurate, and I confess I don't understand her not coming." She pauses reflectively as she hands Temple his cup of tea. "Oh!—light dawns upon her—I see! Why, of course that is it; how stupid I was! Now I understand perfectly."

Temple. "Do you, my dear? Well, I'm glad to hear it, since it seems to give you such supreme satisfaction."

Mrs. Temple (with enthusiasm). "Nothing could be more delightful! Why, Jack, don't you remember that there was a meeting at Mrs. Van Tassel's this afternoon for the purpose of forming a Good Government Club?"

Temple. "And Ellen went to it, I suppose, and was so carried away by the fascinating topic of municipal reform that she stayed too late and missed her train. A very probable explanation, Fanny, showing great ingenuity on your part, but I fail to see why it is so especially delightful."

Mrs. Temple (triumphantly). "That's not all of it, by any means. Frank is sure to have been at that meeting, Jack; and we can expect Ellen to come on the next train with him!"

Temple. "Well, what could be more natural?"

Mrs. Temple (impatiently). "Oh, of course I needn't expect you to see what's going on under your very nose. Do you mean to say, Jack, that you really haven't noticed it?"

Temple. "Noticed what?"

Mrs. Temple (despairingly). "How can you be so obtuse! Noticed that my brother Frank is dead in love with Ellen Hammond, and that matters are coming to a crisis."

Temple. "No, my dear, I certainly have noticed nothing of the kind."

Mrs. Temple (resignedly). "Well, men are blind creatures! They can't help it, I suppose."

Temple. "Yes, we're a poor lot; but in this enlightened age we're at least learning to recognize our deficiencies, and to bow to the superior wisdom of the fair sex."

Mrs. Temple. "Don't make fun of me, Jack. This is really a serious matter. I've been watching the progress of events for some time, and I *must* say I'm entirely satisfied. Frank and Ellen are made for each other; they simply couldn't help marrying, only they're

such unconscious creatures, both of them, that it's taken them a good while to find it out."

Temple. "But why should you think they are finding it out? Isn't the wish father to the thought?"

Mrs. Temple (impressively). "Not at all. I'm no match-maker; but I flatter myself I can't be deceived in these things. A woman always knows when a man's in love. Frank has a peculiar expression when he speaks of Ellen; besides, I've noticed lately that his spirits are unusually good, and he seems to take a most active interest in everybody and everything. That's a sure sign of a healthy affection—the whole world grows brighter and humanity becomes absorbing. Frank has never been so much in earnest about the College Settlement as he is now, nor so interested in municipal reform. And he and Ellen work together two evenings out of every week—he always walks home with her afterward."

Temple. "Interesting as evidence, but not conclusive."

Mrs. Temple. "It is conclusive. Do you suppose that any earnest, sensible young man like Frank could see so much of a girl like Ellen Hammond and not fall in love with her? Why, Jack, it's enough just to watch her when she's leading her Choral Club. Ellen's not a beauty, but to see her at the head of all those rough boys, singing away in her sweet voice, and looking so young and fresh—it's a sight one doesn't forget. I'd fall in love with her myself if I were a man. Not a mere society man, of course—he couldn't appreciate such a girl—but a good, substantial fellow like Frank."

Temple. "It strikes me Frank has a pronounced taste for the frivolities—though he is a reformer. In my humble opinion he was just as much in love with Molly Patterson two years ago as he is now with Ellen Hammond."

Mrs. Temple. "That's just what another man *would* think. Men never really see into these things as women do. I understood that affair perfectly while it was going on."

Temple. "Then why were you so worried whenever Frank and Molly went off together while we were all out at the World's Fair?"

Mrs. Temple (hesitating). "Oh, as for that—well—I wasn't really *worried*, you know, Jack; only I thought Frank was throwing away his time, for Molly never could appreciate him at his true worth. But I understood how it was just the same. Molly is a dear little thing, and nobody could help liking her, even if she is rather silly. Then she's very pretty, and of course Frank was glad to go about with her."

Temple. "I observed that he was."

Mrs. Temple. "Being in Chicago at the same time, you know, and there was really no one else. And if you don't understand the effect of going about in gondolas by moonlight, and dining every night in Old Vienna to the music of Strauss' waltzes, I'm glad to say I do. Why, the most sensible man in the world couldn't help being sentimental under such circumstances, especially with a girl as pretty and well-gowned as Molly Patterson. She was merely the instrument through which he gave expression to a certain amount of latent romantic feeling. It would have been the same thing with any other girl. Propinquity and environment!—that accounts entirely for that little affair of Frank's. It was a passing phase, and he's quite forgotten it now, I venture to say."

Temple (humbly). "I see, Fanny. There is evidently a veil of mystery surrounding an ordinary flirtation which can be penetrated only by the philosophic mind, and which my unassisted intellect would never have even perceived. I should have said, in plain English, that Frank was dead gone on a mighty pretty little girl, and wasn't happy unless he was with her. Molly Patterson's a peach, and Frank knows it—if he *does* go in for reform."

Mrs. Temple. "But he never would be blinded by mere beauty. There's no depth to Molly, whereas Ellen's just the finest girl I know. She has a splendid mind—you know what a game of whist she plays, and Molly can't even remember the leads."

Temple. "Then that settles it, of course. Naturally no sane man would fall in love with a woman who didn't play whist."

Mrs. Temple. "Jack, will you never be serious? You must admit that Ellen and Frank would make an ideal marriage; they would establish the right sort of American home, and are fitted to become the parents of true American citizens."

Temple. "Aren't you looking ahead just a little too far, Fanny? And speaking of the true American citizen, what about this Englishman who's in town? I hear he's devoting himself to Ellen."

Mrs. Temple. "Lord Exmouth, you mean? Yes, I've heard something of that sort. It's perfectly natural he should admire Ellen—she's a type he's

doubtless never seen before; but of course she doesn't give him a thought."

Temple. "I don't see why not. Exmouth's not a bit of a bad fellow—a little slow, perhaps, but we don't demand brilliancy and a title."

Mrs. Temple. "Oh, Jack, you are so stupid! What does Ellen care about money or titles, or any mere external advantages! She would never think of marrying a foreigner—she's the most patriotic woman I know. I wish you could have heard her paper at the last meeting of the Colonial Dames. The subject was 'Woman in America,' and she spoke most beautifully about Anne Hutchinson, and Martha Washington, and Barbara Frietchie!"

Temple. "She covered a good deal of ground in one lecture, didn't she? From Anne Hutchinson to Barbara Frietchie!"

Mrs. Temple (with dignity). "Of course she didn't enter into every detail; she was merely trying to show the breadth and variety of the American woman's character. Every one raved over her lecture; it is quite above *your* criticism, I assure you. And then she says she would rather have written 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic' than the whole of 'The Ring and the Book.'"

Temple. "There I agree with her. Now I am sure that Ellen's a woman of sense."

Mrs. Temple (pitily). "Well, Jack, you know you never *did* appreciate Browning. Now Ellen studies him, and understands him—"

Temple. "Does she?"

Mrs. Temple. "—and when she makes a statement of that kind it means something. She and Frank belong to the same Browning Club, you know."

(Sound of voices and footsteps on the piazza outside.)

Temple. "There they are now!"

(The door opens. Enter Miss Ellen Hammond and Mr. Frank Burroughs, both flushed, laughing, and covered with snow.)

Mrs. Temple (going forward to meet them). "Well, dear Ellen, here you are at last. Frank, why *did* you walk from the station in all this snow? You should have taken a cab. You poor girl, how wet you are! Pull up that big chair, Jack, and get her a footstool. Here, dear, let Frank take off your cape. You must be tired out, and I'm going to give you a cup of tea in a moment."

Ellen (to Frank and Jack). "Oh, thank you, thank you! that's very comfortable. Don't worry about me, Fanny; I enjoyed the walk; you know I love tramping through the snow."

Frank. "Miss Hammond doesn't mind a little thing like bad weather; besides, we had such an all-absorbing topic to discuss, that we both forgot the elements."

Mrs. Temple (exultantly). "Of course you had! I knew it! Ellen, you darling girl!"

Frank (laughing). "Nothing ever surprises Fanny. It's impossible to tell her a piece of news; she always knows it all beforehand."

Mrs. Temple (modestly). "Well, if I do say it myself, I think my powers of perception are rather good. I'm not often mistaken. And of course I know perfectly well what you and Ellen find most interesting just now."

Ellen (smiling and blushing as she pulls off her gloves). "I was just telling Mr. Burroughs—"

Mrs. Temple (seizing her left hand). "A new ring on the third finger! Dearest Ellen, I *must* kiss you this minute! This makes me perfectly happy!"

Ellen (submitting to a rapturous embrace). "Why, you're awfully good, Fanny. I'm so glad you like it. I was a little afraid—"

Mrs. Temple. "Like it? It's the desire of my heart—the one thing I've been longing for! I always *knew* it would come about, and you see I was right, Jack, you skeptic!"

Temple. "Well, suppose you let Miss Hammond speak for herself, Fanny."

Ellen (laughing). "There's nothing to tell, since you seem to know it all. It's lovely of you to be so enthusiastic, for of course I was doubtful about how you might feel—"

Mrs. Temple. "As if I could possibly have but one feeling on the subject! But, Frank, dear, what have *you* to say for yourself? Don't hide behind Ellen's chair; come here and let me kiss you, too, you dear boy!"

Frank (coming forward). "Why, Fanny, you really are a sibyl. How could you possibly suspect that I—"

Mrs. Temple. "Ah, Frank, we sisters see more than you think! I've felt sure of this for a long time; Jack will tell you so. Indeed, we were just talking it over when you and Ellen came in; and I said then what I repeat now, that in every respect the whole affair is ideal."

Ellen. "I can't tell you how I appreciate your way of taking my engagement, Fanny; it means a great deal to me, for some of my friends have not been

so sympathetic. You're sure to like him, I know; I've taken the liberty of asking him to come here to-morrow."

Mrs. Temple (blankly). "You've asked him to come here to-morrow! I—I—I don't understand!"

Temple (much amused). "I do. I understand perfectly, in spite of the fact that all men are blind creatures."

Mrs. Temple (despairingly). "Ellen, what does this mean? I—I—thought you were engaged to Frank!"

Ellen. "Engaged to Mr. Burroughs! Why, how perfectly absurd! What ever put such a thing into your head, Fanny dear? No, indeed, I supposed you knew—it's—it's—Lord Exmouth."

Mrs. Temple. "Lord Exmouth!" She falls back in her chair in a state of utter stupefaction.

Frank. "I'm afraid you'll have to begin your congratulations all over again, Fanny; there seems to be a mistake somewhere. Miss Hammond is one of my very best friends, and has been my confidante and advocate during the past two years—ever since that summer at the World's Fair—"

Mrs. Temple (aghast). "Now, Frank, you surely don't mean to tell me—"

Frank (with intense pride and satisfaction). "I mean to tell you that, after patient waiting and hoping, I'm at last able to announce my engagement to the very dearest, sweetest, prettiest little girl in all the world!"

Temple (heartily). "I know all about it, old fellow; give me your hand. You're a lucky man. Molly Patterson is a fascinating little woman, and Fanny and I are delighted to welcome her into the family—eh, Fanny?"

(Tableau.)

LIFE ON THE EAST SIDE OF THE EMPIRE CITY.

"AN' wot a wife she's been to me, an' wot a pal!"

Yes, they had always been pals since those primitive days when, as a bare-headed and barefooted boy and girl, they made sand pies on Manhattan Beach and watched the ocean's foam break along the shingly shore. They were the children of fisher folks, who in the dewy mornings set off a-clamming and a-crabbing, thankful if the labor of the dawn produced a sufficient harvest to cover the simple wants of the day.

It has often been said that happiness is relative, and as much and more of this wondrous blessing is to be found among the poor and lowly as among the rich and pampered. Now take for example the fisher folks who dwell on the beach. What rare health they enjoy, what freedom from care! Hard and laborious as it is to live by fishing, it has manifold charms. Open air, the ozone of the ocean, the mild excitement of a big haul of fish; the improvised breakfast or other meal prepared on the strand, with the fire kindled of dried seaweed, old timber drifted ashore, and other refuse; the net mending and making carried on, between the whiffs of a great pipe of tobacco, as the busy hands ply the meshing needle; then the weird tales of the sea, the rescues and the risks; all go to make up a life of adventure and romance.

But when the tempest is swelling round the fisherman's dwelling there are moments of anguish too dreadful to be thought of. It was amid these sights and scenes the boy and girl of our sketch lived and moved and had their being. So they learned the art of seeking and finding clams and soft-shelled crabs, when the tide was out. And, more than this, they never hesitated a moment to wade into the mighty ocean in search of a larger supply. Superfluous clothing was not one of their hindrances, but a merciful Providence had bestowed on each a thick mass of curly brown hair, which was really and truly so efficacious a covering for the head that no other was needed. Their clothes were as diverse in hue as Joseph's coat of many colors. They had been put together somehow by their respective grandmothers, neither of whom was conversant with the prevailing mode in the *beau monde*; but no robe of Worth's ever looked half so picturesque as these scanty garments.

These were the days before Manhattan Beach was discovered, in the modern sense of the term—before the great tidal wave of evolution and progress swept onward with all its advancement. But it came at last. Hotels were built where daisies and buttercups grew; band stands and golf links took the place of seashells. The boy and girl who paddled out in the spray were booted and latted and sent to the parish school. The old folks awakened to the fact that this is a great country, and the influx of dollars made itself felt. The city of Brooklyn and East York spread out apace; the trolleys and elevated railroads fairly took one's breath away. These were the ancient times before that wonder of the nineteenth cent-

ury, the Brooklyn Bridge, was yet in existence. The only means of reaching Gotham was by the ferryboats. The island called Long was not then absorbed into a greater New York.

Years slipped by, and one morning Brooklyn and East New York awoke to find themselves famous. The tide of population which each morning wended its way across the mighty highway became every day more and more tremendous; property went up proportionately. Needless to say the cottages by the sea had to disappear, and it was not without a keen pang of regret that the old people took leave of them. They had been very happy all those years, had enjoyed complete peace of mind and contentment. What more did any one want? But the wants of modern life are much more extensive. There were representatives of three generations in each cottage—the grandparents and parents of the rising generation.

The first were all for staying where they were, but their objections were quickly overruled, for who could withstand the persuasive power of a thick roll of greenbacks? A family council of war was held, at which all the parties concerned gave in their opinions; acquiescence was at length reached.

To leave Manhattan Beach for the busy world of Gotham was too terrific a wrench all at once. It might come easier some day, but it should be by slow and easy stages. Surf bathing had become a part of existence at the Beach, so a bright idea was decided on.

Bathing boxes were erected, at first in the simplest form, and as the enterprise grew and prospered, were replaced by a more pretentious form of baths of all kinds. Visitors from New York and elsewhere began to arrive soon after Easter, and lingered on until late in the autumn. Each succeeding year the hotels were more in demand, and private marine residences were dotted over the landscape.

According to Thackeray it takes three generations to make a gentleman. The original founders of the cottages remained at Manhattan Beach, marveling at the wondrous change brought about in so short a space of time. They were wedded to the old landmarks, and refused to leave the old familiar haunts, more lovely to them, the ever-changing view of the boundless ocean, than the luxurious abodes of recent erection. The great Atlantic liners loomed up in the distance, the excursion boats passed up and down, yachts with snowy sails skimmed the horizon, and rowboats hovered within measurable distance. The surf-bathers lived an amphibious life and fed on amphibious fare. So much may be said in praise of the old people's decision. They had the courage of their convictions, and went down the vale of years still steadfast to Manhattan Beach.

The younger couples of the next generation went with the times, crossed East River, and fixed their habitations near one of the ferries uptown on the East Side. This step was decided on by reason of the great educational advantages offered gratis in New York. One may safely say there is no city in the world where the road to advancement and mental and physical development is so facile of accomplishment as in this grand and noble Empire City.

The boy and girl of Manhattan Beach advanced as young America always does. They were soon fully equipped for the battle of life. They had graduated from the same school, and each had duly received a diploma of competency in shorthand and typewriting from the Cooper Institute.

"Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's laurels,
By blood or ink."

says Byron. And the first three dollars earned by the girl for addressing wrappers opened a new era. It was the beginning of a new and profitable career. But the boy, whose early childhood, like her own, had been spent on the seashore, could not so easily settle down to office work. He longed for the wild freshness of the sea, so he sailed away to foreign lands and was absent for two years—quite an eternity, in those days of rapid transit. The girl worked steadily at home, deploring that she, too, could not go to sea. For, alas! she was a mere girl; but neither a bachelor maid nor a new woman—only the very simplest and unsophisticated of the daughters of Eve. How eagerly she scanned the maritime news for the ships outward bound, spoken and arrived in port. How her heart went pit a pat when the great glaring bulletins announced: "Disaster at Sea," "Fatal Collision," or any other of the sinister rumors which form the headlines of the evening editions. He had written once from New Zealand, and she had pored over the map, mentally going over in her mind's eye the vast expanse of ocean still between them. He would see all the places worth visiting in this beautiful

planet of ours, while she, poor faithful loving little soul, would work on, and pine for him in silence.

The girl with the curly dark hair and quiet ways quickly became a favorite in the office. She won her way to promotion. From addressing wrappers at three dollars she soon rose to taking down letters in shorthand and copying out the same on a typewriter. This meant double pay. She had a happy home with her parents and her brothers and sisters, who were also at work at different branches of industry in the city. All met in the morning and evening round the family board, and each scion of the house, with the true spirit of American independence, contributed his or her share to the family housekeeping. This is the rule and not the exception in go-ahead America.

On Sunday she wended her way on the cable car to Brooklyn Bridge, across that mighty structure, and then by the Kings County Elevated to Manhattan Beach to visit the old folks, who rejoiced to see her. More than this, she called on "his" folks, too, and heard the latest news of his home-coming. To wander along the beach was also included in the programme.

Even the long space of two years came to an end in time, and the wanderer returned, with all his blushing honors thick upon him, for he had circumnavigated the globe. It was on a Sunday afternoon at Manhattan Beach the former playmates met again, and exchanged their sentiments, as well as their hands and hearts.

During his two years' absence he had learned many things. He had shipped as an able-bodied seaman, to work before the mast; a laborious life. The ship was a sailing vessel and it took three months from New York to reach the antipodes. He had studied navigation, under the severe scrutiny of the keen old skipper, who encouraged him with praise or checked him with blame, as occasion required. In the captain's cabin during the winter evenings the old salt told thrilling tales of the sea. The stories sounded like fairy tales to the listener, the one young man of the whole crew whom the skipper patronized. On their way from New York the ship had deposited at Barbadoes a huge cargo of manufactured goods, and during the time occupied in unloading the vessel and taking a new cargo there was ample time for the study of men and manners.

This was our hero's first memorable, never-to-be-forgotten voyage. His first view of the pellucid tropical ocean, with the deep blue sea, into whose clear depths he could gaze far down to the region of the red and white coral beds, the sea anemones, and behold some of the wonders of the deep. Having taken on board a cargo of sugar, the ship set out for New Zealand, and the same experience of unloading and reloading was gone through, affording ample time for becoming well acquainted with each new country. The golden sands of New Zealand were as wondrous as the coral reefs of the West Indies, for here the alluvial gold glistened in the palm of one's hand, showing a profuse abundance of the precious metal. Dunedin being their destination, the sugar was safely delivered to its consignee, and wool and frozen sheep for the London market took its place in the ship's hold.

But amid all his wanderings our hero had never forgotten the girl he left behind him in New York. He had always a corner for her in his heart. A box of "furrin' presents unto his love he bore"—coral, virgin gold, Japanese ornaments, and those intricate filigree bracelets which only the Hindustanees seem able to manipulate.

To gaze at these treasures in mute wonder and delight was one of the Sunday occupations of our heroine. They were left at Manhattan Beach with the old folks until the happy day when they would recross the ocean adorning their owner. For, is it to be wondered this girl longed to see all those places? Life on the dull, tame shore was one continuous round of self-same monotony.

How little the girls at the office knew of the day dreams in which the typewriter indulged! They knew not "What a flight the spirit takes."

Our hero remained constant to his first ship, and his fidelity was rewarded. He learned the science of navigation, took the soundings, wrote up the log, kept the accounts, and was quite the factotum of the vessel. The crew learned to love and obey him, for although he had begun as one of themselves, he was a scholar and they were not, and when they saw him elevated to a higher post on each successive voyage they felt he merited the distinction—just as in the army when a "ranker" is raised to an officer's uniform. The crew were men of many nations, and some were mutinous, and others reckless and runaways.

Little more remains to be said. The able-bodied seaman rose to be mate, and later on captain of the brig. And the girl he left behind him on so many voyages remained true, and had her re-

ward when one morning they joined hearts and hands forever, and sailed out of New York Harbor down South, and over the well-known track which the captain had so often before traversed. On their return to Gotham Mr. Chevalier was singing his famous songs, and the lines that took their fancy were:

"Wot a wife she's been to me,
An' wot a pal!"

NEW LIGHT ON THE SURRENDER AT APPOMATTOX.

A new interest has been aroused in the story of the surrender of General Lee to General Grant at Appomattox by the address of General Whittaker, delivered at the recent anniversary celebration of that event by the G. A. R. Department of the Potomac. Possibly there is nothing which can transpire in these later days to take away from the historical importance of that meeting of the two greatest military commanders of the age. One, the victor, magnanimously robbing defeat of much of its humiliation by the generosity of the terms of surrender dictated; the other, the vanquished, yielding to the inevitable, conscious of having fought the good fight, as judged from his standpoint, and giving up his sword only when the destinies of war offered no other alternative. But the light shed on disputed points sets at rest many conflicting statements and proves conclusively that at least four hours before the historic meeting of Grant and Lee on that memorable 9th of April, the unconditional surrender of the Confederate Army had been made through General Whittaker to General Custer.

In his address to his old comrades at the celebration of which we speak General Whittaker, in detailing the events of the night of the 8th of April, described the movements of General Custer's Third Brigade of Cavalry, the capture of the railway supply train and twenty-five pieces of artillery, and how on the morning of the 9th the judicious posting of the troops had the effect of completely cutting off the retreat of the Confederate line toward Lynchburg. General Custer was riding at the head of his column, looking for a favorable point at which to charge, when an officer was seen to come out from the Confederate line waving a large towel in his hand as a flag of truce, and who, on approaching General Custer, stated that he came by direction of General Lee to ask for a suspension of hostilities. General Custer at once directed General Whittaker to accompany the Confederate officer under the flag of truce to General Lee and inform him that a suspension of hostilities could only be granted on an unconditional surrender. General Lee could not be found, having started to find General Grant, and the message being delivered to the officer in command, a member of General Longstreet's staff was deputed to visit the Union lines in company with General Whittaker and acknowledge the unconditional surrender. This arrangement was carried through, Captain Brown of the Confederate General Gordon's staff having been deputed to make the acknowledgment, which was made to General Chamberlain of Maine amid the wildest cheering from the Union troops.

Four hours later Lee and Grant met, and the terms of surrender were dictated and accepted at Appomattox. The table used on this occasion was afterward bought by General Sheridan and presented by him to Mrs. Custer with a letter stating that to her gallant husband more than to any other person was due the crowning event of that day.

An interesting historical point is cleared up by this statement of General Whittaker, which proves conclusively that the unconditional surrender of the Confederate Army was made to General Custer at least four hours before the meeting of Lee and Grant on that memorable day. The towel used on that occasion is still the property of Mrs. Custer, and General Whittaker stated that she has promised at her death to will one-half of it to him and the other half to West Point.

A LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

The recent death, at the age of seventy-two, of M. Dubus, Maire of Clermont, France, recalls a stirring incident of the days of the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune, in which the deceased played a notable and prominent part. The story is simple enough, but it deserves to be told because of the lesson of patriotism it teaches, and the value of prompt and energetic action in the hour of trial. Leon Gambetta was at that time invaluable to France, and it was in a successful effort to save him from capture by the Prussians that M. Dubus proved his loyalty and earned an honorable place in the memory of his countrymen. On the 8th of October, 1870, taking advantage of a favorable wind, Gambetta, accompanied by his compatriot, Spuller, left

Paris in a balloon, intending to reach Tours. The balloon after a while drifted north, and was soon noticed by the Prussians, who gave chase, firing at it in the hope of puncturing it so as to make its descent inevitable and the capture of the aerial voyagers certain. Several of the bullets pierced the balloon, but with little or no disastrous effect at first; but the escape of gas at length began to tell, and the balloon began to descend. The intrepid travelers could hear the coarse shouts and cheers of the Prussians as they anticipated the collapse of the airship, and they threw out the remaining sandbags, together with everything that could be dispensed with. The balloon once more rose in the air, while the fusillade from the Prussian muskets increased; but a slight change in the wind setting in carried the fugitives beyond immediate danger. The pursuit, however, was kept up, and the balloon soon began to lose its buoyancy and sink gradually toward the earth.

It was at this point that M. Dubus enters upon the scene. The balloon finally landed in the woods of Fayieres, eleven kilometers from Clermont, and the Prussians were in full hope of overtaking the fugitives. M. Dubus, who had been watching the course of the balloon, realizing the danger of Gambetta and his companion, hitched up his two strongest and fastest horses to a light wagon, and within a few minutes after their landing he was driving them at full speed on the road to Montdidier, in which little town they were soon safe from pursuit. When the Prussians reached the spot they found only the empty balloon.

This is the simple story of the timely service rendered by the Maire of Clermont, worthy of being handed down to posterity as "Dubus' Ride." He received the Cross of the Legion of Honor and was subsequently appointed to a judgeship in the Canton of Mont. Four years ago a monument was erected to Gambetta near the spot where his balloon descended, and the tree in which the airship got fastened was named "Gambetta's Oak."

THE SPY SYSTEM IN JERSEY CITY.

The Christian Endeavors of Jersey City—or, as they are called to be known, "The Scudderers," so-called after that great anti-saloon crusader, Rev. Dr. John L. Scudder of the Tabernacle—must have been reading John Kendrick Bangs' accounts of the doings on the house-boat on the Styx, for they have succeeded in getting the Hudson County Grand Jury to find true bills against several parties who, according to vital statistical records and mythological teaching, have already crossed the Stygian Ferry. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that the constable charged with the execution of the warrant did not find William Canney or William Morris, the two Williams having "shuffled off their mortal coils" some months before the issue of the indictments, and the only conclusion possible is that if in the intermediate time they had been in any way mixed up in liquor matters it must have been as members of the Bangs Stygian Roysterers. The constable has in the meantime returned the paper indorsed: "Not found. Dead."

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- "THE TREASURES OF SAN ANTONIO," by F. Russell
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- "ALL A MATTER OF TASTE," a story of an African
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 ent birds.
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- "FINISHING TOUCHES," a poem, illustrated.
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- "PUZZLES FOR WISE HEADS."
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